

harry

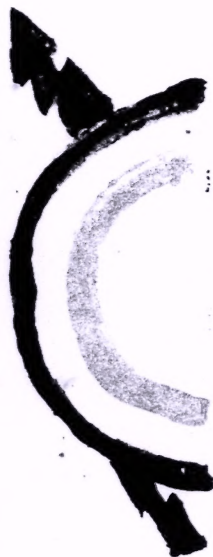
Issue No. 28 (Vol. 2 No. 3)
December 18, 1970

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NEW MORNING — CHANGING WEATHER



December 6, 1970

This communication does not accompany a bombing or a specific action. We want to express ourselves to the music movement not as military leaders but as tribes at council. It has been nine months since the townhouse explosion. In that time, the future of our revolution has been changed decisively. A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon. The FBI can't catch us; we've pierced their bullet-proof shield. But the townhouse forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle.

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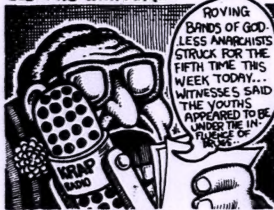


WEATHER: FAIR AND COOLER

(Editor's note: This communication dated December 6, 1970, arrived special delivery in the Liberation News Service office in New York on December 10. The two stamps on the envelope commemorated Tom Paine and Lucy Stone. The first page of the document, reproduced here, has a handpainted rainbow with a red lightning arrow. A Vietnamese stamp is in the right hand corner. The stamp shows a Vietnamese woman dressed in green, with a rifle over her shoulder. "NEW MORNING—Changing Weather" is painted in black ink above the rainbow.

The document is signed Weatherman Underground, and Bernardine Dohrn.)

ALL ACROSS AMERICA SMALL GROUPS OF SABOTEURS STRIKE WITH FLAMING VENGEANCE...THE AIR WAVES ARE ELECTRIC WITH RAGE...



This communication does not accompany a bombing or a specific action. We want to express ourselves to the mass movement not as military leaders but as tribes in council. It has been nine months since the townhouse explosion. In that time, the future of our revolution has been changed decisively. A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon. The FBI can't catch us; we've pierced their bullet-proof shield. But the townhouse forever destroyed our belief

that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle.

It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the Lower East Side and national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam.

The deaths of three friends ended our military conception of what we are

THE CITIZENRY IS QUICK TO REACT!



doing. It took us weeks of careful talking to rediscover our roots, to remember that we had been turned on to the possibilities of revolution by denying the schools, the jobs, the death relationships we were "educated" for. We went back to how we had begun living with groups of friends and found that this revolution could leave intact the enslavement of women if women did not fight to end and change it, together.

And marijuana and LSD and little money and awakening to the black

revolution, the people of the world. Unprogramming ourselves; relearning American history. The first demonstration we joined; the first time we tried to convince our friends. In the wake of the townhouse we found that we didn't know much about each others' pasts—our talents, our interests, our differences.

We had all come together around the militancy of young white people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world. Because we agreed that an underground must be built, we were able to disappear an entire organization within hours of the explosion. But it was clear that more had been wrong with our direction than technical inexperience (always install a safety switch so you can turn it off and on in a light to indicate if a short circuit exists). Diana, Teddy and Terry had been in SDS for years. Diana and Teddy had been teachers and both spent weeks with the Vietnamese in Cuba. Terry had been a community organizer in Cleveland and at Kent; Diana had worked in Guatemala. They fought in the Days of Rage in Chicago. Everyone was angered by the murder of Fred Hampton. Because their collective began to define armed struggle as the only legitimate form of revolutionary action, they did not believe that there was any

revolutionary motion among white youth. It seemed like black and third world people were going up against American imperialism alone.

Two weeks before the townhouse explosion, four members of this group had firebombed Judge Murtagh's house in New York as an action of support for the Panther 21, whose trial was just beginning. To many people this was a very good action. Within the group, however, the feeling developed that because this action had not done anything to hurt the pigs materially it wasn't very important. So within two weeks time, this group had moved from firebombing to anti-personnel bombs. Many people in the collective did not want to be involved in the large scale, almost random bombing offensive that was planned. But they struggled day and night and eventually, everyone agreed to do their part.

At the end, they believed and acted as if only those who die are proven revolutionaries. Many people had been, argued into doing something they did not believe in, many had not slept for days. Personal relationships were full of guilt and fear. The group had spent so much time willing themselves to act that they had not dealt with the basic technological considerations of safety.

continued on page nine



PANTHERS RESIST TRIAL

by Carroll Schroeder

For the first time, the Black Panther Party is refusing to play the trial game. The Baltimore Panther 8 are refusing to cooperate with the sham that is to be passed off as a trial. Why?

The president of Yale had to say it before any of the "decent" citizenry would listen. A black revolutionary has absolutely no chance of getting a fair trial in the United States today—or any other day for that matter. Think he has a chance in Baltimore?

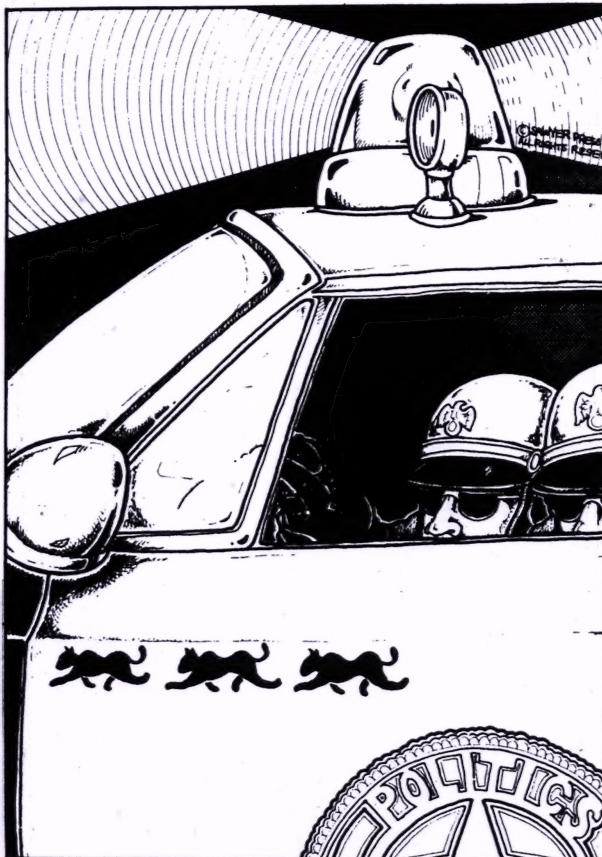
Ask Ochika Young.

Ochika (Irving) Young is a Panther, duly tried and convicted of murder, conspiring to murder, kidnapping, and torture. One of his sisters and seven of his brothers, all Panthers or ex-Panthers, have been in jail since April 30 awaiting the same fate.

To what can they look forward? Courtroom machinations—very proper. A jury of their peers—very white, very middle-aged, very middle class, very scared. Conviction—very legal.

The same railroad runs the same line until it reaches the same end. The end of the Panthers... in Baltimore or in New Haven. Just before Lonnie McCluskey's trial, J. Edgar Hoover called the Panthers "the most dangerous group in America"; now, just before the Bobby Seale/Erika Huggins trial he has chosen to elaborate upon that statement. Under the eye of the world press, Seale and Huggins are getting screwed in New Haven. Under the half-blind eye of the Sunnewesamerican, the Baltimore Panther 8 can expect...even less.

So the Baltimore Panthers are already convicted, just as Erika and



Bobby have already been judged. The mentality seems to be "would the police have bothered to arrest them if these Panthers weren't guilty?" But they will get a trial. The judge, a political appointee, belongs to the same bar association as the prosecutor and the defense lawyers and the three will play their game called trial and the Panthers will be convicted. It took the jury at Young's trial (by the way, a jury chosen in 3½ hours where it has taken several weeks and 300 candidates to glean 3 suitable jurors for Seale and Huggins) a full hour and fifty minutes to return a guilty verdict. Can his sister and brothers expect more?

"We've got to educate the people to the limitations of the court," Panther Paul Coates was talking to me at Baltimore Panther headquarters, Pennsylvania Ave. and Mosher St. "If you can't defend yourself adequately, then you shouldn't go to court." Remember the Panthers' complete name is the Black Panther Party for Self Defense—that goes back to Stokely—and in court you walk in naked to face the lions. In the streets, there are guns, unity, home turf. But in prison, in court "they pull down the trunks, pull off the leather, jock strap, and start beating niggers in the balls."

So they're not going. If there is going to be a trial it will be a trial without defendants or a trial with defendants attending because they were beaten and dragged from their cells.

But the aren't demanding the world, not even a change in the judicial system. They merely want the present one to function as objectively as possible. They want a jury of their peers. A little less collusion between judge, prosecutor, and counsel. And perhaps the presence of a lawyer who realizes that the prosecution of Marshal Conway, Larry Wallace, Ochika Young, James Powell, Sherry Brown, Victor Dely, Edward Martin, Charles Wyche, and Melvin Johnson is actually the persecution of the Black Panther Party.

LETTERS

Dear HARRY,

Occasionally the Peabody Conservatory stages a sensually stimulating combination; opera, play, and light show. I recently had the misfortune of missing the last performance of the show due to my close association with my sister and her four week old son. It seems this "psychedelic" show is just too heavy even to be disturbed by the whimper of an infant. So we were ejected by a kindly young "hippie" maid. You could tell she was a "hippie" because of her official John Kay sunglasses and her genuine, artificial Beat Experience "wet-look" pullover.

Is this where our supposedly freak culture is at? Is it a private club, "experiences, just so long as you don't make waves." A new generation has been spawned in the freak community across the country. Kids, kids of freaks. From Berkeley to Baltimore, heads are having babies, babies born within a culture that co-exists with another (straight) culture. Freaks aren't merely a passing fad that will die out as this present generation ages, the freak culture is (or should be) passed on to our children to be further developed and expanded upon. So do we start by excluding our children from activities and denying them experiences, and thus education (shades of the straight). If the crying of a baby would flip you out during one of these shows, then I can only say, "get thy ass to suburbia and plant 'it there and grow old and prosper." And to the sponsors of the show may I make a suggestion, why not move your show out into the country, rent a high school gymnasium, charge \$4.50 admission, and bill it as a "Genuine Hippie Freak-Out Groovy Light Show"? I'm sure you should attract just the type of audiences you want.

Fight the revolution through procreation!!

Richard E. Huey

Dear HARRY,

Hello, brothers and sisters. Do you know what a Howard County is? Well if ya don't—don't worry cause I'm going to tell you. We all know where Columbia is, don't we? Living here is pretty depressing, at least from my point of view. But underneath all this "rural Amerika" bit is repressed freaks yearning to be free. You tell someone you live here and it's either shock, amusement, or they don't know where in the hell you do live. In the styx is more like it.

Take myself for instance. Every morning at 7 a.m. (that's right, folks) I get up and prepare myself for the straight world of school (except on weekends). In school I raise general hell by wearing midis and carrying a knapsack on my back. I am right in the middle of a heavy project—radicalizing a John Birchler. Score—I'm winning ten to one.

Anyway, back to my story. Yes, the county is full of hicks, rednecks and greasers, but as long as there's a few freaks, we can survive. So come out and visit us sometime. And remember, **FREAKS ARE ALIVE AND WELL IN HOWARD COUNTY!**

Lisa from the styx

Dear HARRY,

I've been reading HARRY for the last several weeks and have found little information about Fort Meade, Maryland, the Eastern Eyesore. I thought you would like to come along with me and check it out.

You go down St. Paul Street and catch another ride going right to Greene and left there into the Baltimore-Washington Parkway and you are grooving toward Fort George G. Meade, not a very groovy place. If you have seen "The Brig" and "High School" or lived them, you'll recognize Fort Meade as a bastard Kafkaesque combination of the two, with any of the

"Easy Rider" squeezed out like a lemon. About seventeen miles out of Baltimore you'll see a sign: "Maryland 175, Fort Meade." A while later and down the road you step onto the base for a step into the feudalistic past.

Eyeball those white, wooden, World War II barracks, scores of them, the termites holding hands, where enlisted men, human beings like you and me, are forced to exist and shiver and eat and sleep close to other men. They do so, of course, on subsistence wages and in the name of freedom.

Whose freedom you and I ask? Whose freedom and how much? The freedom for the big guy to exploit the little guy and make him live that way? Is that the freedom we hear so much about?

Watch the sadness of Fort Meade and the austerity of it all that hangs in the air. See an enlisted man in tattered and rumpled fatigues walk along picking up cigarette butts and putting them in a large red bag. With him and just as sullen is the guard carrying a shotgun. Both are prisoners, of course, both wear the uniform of a stifling, smothering system of broiled human emotion.

Spot the homes of the Majors and the Colonels and the Generals and all the big guys. See how well the lawn is kept, kept by the shivering GI who lives without heat, for the big guy's house in the name of that freedom we've heard so much about. Speak to some of the workers on base, civilian and military, and hear them say they really are "free". You see the leash that runs from their neck to the General's house. The General is Lt. General Jonathan O. Seaman, the "big guy" who did his share of killing little guys in Nam. Each of those workers thinks he is free and has slack on his leash; let him take an itty-bitsy step to the left and the leash pulls taut: no promotion, court-martial, harassment, transfer, a dose of paranoia that is their strongest weapon.

If you are from HARRY, you'll want to see the Ft. Meade publication, *Sound Off*, dangling conversations and superficial sighs piled high. The Officers' Wives Club beautifying this or that while their sons and others come home in plastic bags with twisted features. Read *Sound Off* for what it does not say: no mention of court-martials, drugs, racial hostilities, crime, the war, or those enlisted barracks with no heat. *Sound Off* doesn't bother to mention that even the Fort Meade Officers' Club does not pass the Post sanitation inspection for months on end. Hell, *Sound Off* even claims to be an "unofficial" rag, even though the articles are written by active duty soldiers, and all is checked and recensored by officers.

After this much, HARRY, you will have seen about enough and will be thankful to get back to Baltimore. Let me caution you, though, things are getting better at Meade: some of us are publishing *The Alternative*, a lively barb of wit and humor dedicated to the principles stated by Tom Paine, "All that truth asks, and all that it wants, is the liberty of appearing." I'll send you a copy.

Rebellion to tyrants
is obedience to God,

Louis Paul Font
First Lieutenant, U.S. Army

To my Baltimore Brothers and Sisters:

HARRY is in the process of being condemned from all different factions of the community. Criticism is essential to change. There is a need for all of us to reconsider the methods used in creating progress. Tearing down and reverting to animal destruction is not revolution. We are in a situation where we need each other to get anywhere.

The energy put into anything will be accepted as long as it is from a pureness of intention. We need people who want social advancement and the evolution into completeness and unity among all people. HARRY must represent this as an informative constructive view of our people and what they're putting together. Five people can't put together

continued on page fifteen

harry

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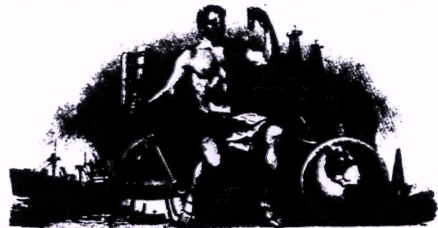
Issue No. 28 (Vol. 2, No. 3)
December 18, 1970

Weather: Fair and Cooler	1
Panthers Resist Trial	1
Letters	2
In Line of Duty	3
Maryland Student Convicted	3
No Peace for Justice	4
Trials of Justice	5
Psychedelic Gender Blender	6
An Army of Lovers Cannot Lose	6
All Power to the Claus Offer	7
The Myth of Mifflin	8
On Leaving a Southern Country	10
Christmas at the Free Clinic	11
In One Part Harmony	11
Freak Brothers	12
Film: Where's Poppa	13
Theater: Time Now	13
Books: <i>Goliath</i> by David	14
Records	15
Eat It	16
Hospital on 25th Street	17
Class-O-Freak	18
Nothing Ever Happens	19

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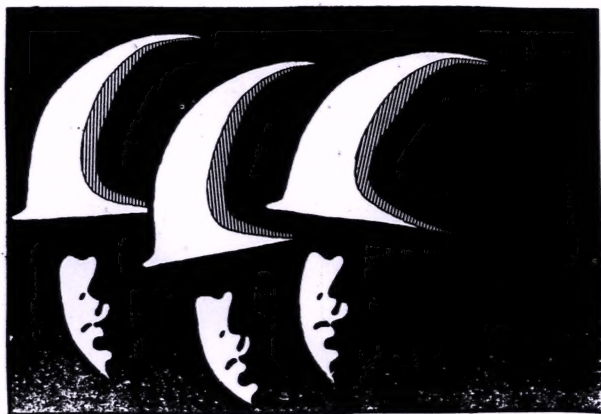
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In Line of Duty

by Luther C. West

Mr. West, a civilian expert on military law, is writing a book on the Calley trial for Random House.

FORT BENNING, Ga. [special]— If First Lieutenant William Calley is ever raised on the yard arm of justice in the morning sun, hauled up neck first and hanged like Billy Budd, it will be because he obeyed orders. At least after the completion of the prosecution's case, and after four weeks of prosecution witnesses, it would appear that this is the main thrust of the defense. Calley, who has been depicted by prosecution evidence as a heartless and wanton murderer of 102 defenseless old men, women and children at My Lai 4 on the morning of March 18, 1968—according to his defense lawyers—will defend on the basis that he was ordered to do it. He was ordered by a Captain, who in turn was ordered by a Lieutenant Colonel who was probably fed up with Vietnamese civilians in the My Lai district because they fought and sniped at American troops who were waging war in the area at the time. This isn't the best defense, but it will have to do for the moment. Army officers make up the jury that is to decide Calley's fate, and they know that Lieutenants are certainly expected to obey Captains. Death and taxes are secondary considerations.

George Latimer, Lieutenant Calley's chief civilian counsel, who sat as a member of the United States Court of Military Appeals for ten years, spoke softly into the microphone at the court-martial for about nine minutes as he outlined Calley's case in defense in his opening statement. He assured the court-martial members that Calley should be found not guilty because Calley's company commander, a

Captain, "ordered every living thing in that village killed." Latimer otherwise advised the court-martial members that Calley would tell them how it happened himself, and that he wouldn't "dilute" his testimony by giving it to the court second hand—he would let Calley tell it like it was when the time came. Mr. Latimer's soft spoken speech lasted about nine minutes—somewhat of a record for 102 murders.

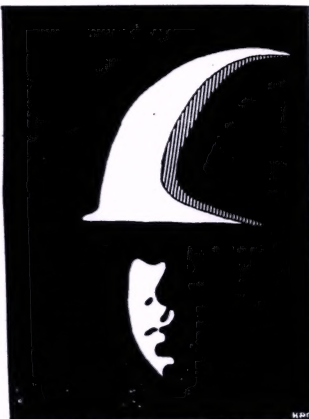
Four defense depositions were read into evidence following the opening statement. The gist of these depositions was that civilians in the My Lai area were definitely sympathetic to the Viet Cong, and had been for 20 years. A Vietnamese Major General stated that the "good" citizens had been warned to leave the village, to move to secure areas shortly before the attack at My Lai—thus, officially constituting the area a free fire zone, where any living thing was subject to extinction by the American Army. Mr. Linh Ta Vien, a second Vietnamese deponent and a Director of the Census in the province where the My Lai tragedy occurred, testified that in his opinion the destruction of My Lai by the American Army on March 16, 1968, helped his country "in its fight against communism." "All the operations did," he added. Vietnamese Sergeant Dang Minh testified in his deposition that he asked Captain Medina during the destruction of My Lai why "American soldiers kill everybody in Hamlet, burn all hootches, kill all animals, cows, chicken, water buffalo." The Captain replied that he had been ordered to do it.

If the defense of Lieutenant Calley lives up to advance billing, the Company Commander involved, Captain Ernest Medina, might come through as the biggest murderer of all—but what it will

do for Calley remains to be seen.

Captain White, a young, twenty-two year old Infantry Captain, who was platoon commander in Alpha Company on the fateful day in question, gave a better account as to why Calley would murder defenseless old men, women and children. The Captain testified to fierce combat with the Viet Cong in the My Lai vicinity several days prior to Lieutenant Calley's ill fated operation. "We took mortar fire and ran into sniper fire.... One man was killed, a new man. He stepped on a mine, a Bouncing Betty, and it blew up and exploded right in his face." The next day on the outskirts of My Lai 1 "we ran into extreme fire." "An American machine gunner ran to a spider hole and started firing into the hole. He took automatic weapon fire up his left leg and side, and a hand grenade went off at his right side.... It was a miracle but he didn't die. A soldier near him dropped his weapon and turned into a vegetable. This man had to be dragged away.... You could see the bullets spraying across the field, thick, like a cloud, almost like a grey curtain. The next day we went into the village and received no fire at all...."

The same witness testified that all American commanders had permitted Vietnamese civilians to pass through their lines on their sweeps through the area—and subsequently concluded that these civilians closed their "rear door" and that "we always took sniper fire from the rear." Captain White testified that these "conclusions" were passed to superior officers shortly before the attack on My Lai on March 16. If



defense lawyers have done their homework properly, one may expect these "conclusions" will definitely be connected to the briefing that

Lieutenant Calley ultimately received on the annihilation of the civilian population of My Lai. The meaning is mixed, perhaps, but killing defenseless women and babies as an act of vengeance, in retaliation for civilian sniper fire might make better sense than killing for no reason at all.

Thus, the defense have their job cut out for them: Explain why Calley killed. Is he a monster, a senseless destroyer of old people, women and babies? Or was he merely an excited, frightened young man, carrying out superior orders to kill everyone in the village? Did he enjoy it? Or was it a task that ate his heart out, but one that he did anyway because his military superiors demanded it?

Calley's press agent at the trial has attempted to answer this question. He is an assistant editor from *Esquire* Magazine, and is writing a full account of the real Lieutenant Calley. The story is serialized in *Esquire* at the present time, and will no doubt later be published as a book. The real Lieutenant Calley is named "Rusty" and he likes Asian kids and is at heart a philosopher-soldier. He always puts the Army first and went to war to protect the American way of life. For reasons of his own, however, Lieutenant Calley does not converse with newsmen at Fort Benning, and the press doesn't always see him in the same light he is depicted in *Esquire* Magazine. Thus "Rusty" gets bad press out of Fort Benning from time to time. Hopefully, defense counsel will straighten this matter out before completing the trial. If Calley is a modern day Billy Budd the world deserves to know it.

Unfortunately, however, Calley does not fit the physical standards of Billy Budd, for Billy Budd was a handsome, tall, and gainly young military man. Calley is short, balding, and not very good looking. But in military action Calley can scream "Get 'em! Get 'em!" as several women and small children attempt to flee from an execution ditch east of My Lai. And when the chips are down he can personally pursue and capture one infant and hurl it back into the ditch by an arm—and then shoot it with an M-16 bullet that is designed to explode when it enters the body. So long as he attends the trial, Lieutenant Calley is free to come and go as he likes. He may eat where he prefers, buy his own brand of newspapers and cigarettes and make love—for he is an officer. Attractive young ladies often occupy the five seats that have been especially reserved for Calley's use at the trial—front row center seats. And like Billy Budd, Calley may well be guilty of nothing greater than being a loyal military subordinate.

by Ira Allen

UPPER MARLBORO—The first of ten University of Maryland students charged with breaking into the administration building the night of the biggest battle with the national guard last May was convicted last week by a jury of seven women and five men.

Larry Dean, head of the now-defunct moratorium committee, was found guilty of forcible entry and trespassing, though two other charges of forcible detainer and disorderly conduct were dropped. Another defendant, Mary Malloy, was acquitted after several campus policemen failed to identify her as she sat in the spectators gallery during the trial.

The other eight defendants, all arrested because of their familiarity with police investigators and administrators, go on trial next month.

The defense contended that the prosecution was political because 40 others in the peaceful demonstration were not arrested, even though police had the means of getting their pictures, and that Dean and Malloy did not break in, and actually left after being told to by police.

The prosecution, calling the action an "assault" said the students broke down the door, vandalized the lobby and refused to leave.

Maryland Student Convicted

Dean claimed he was exercising his constitutional right to bring his grievances to the administrators in the building. The prosecution said he and Malloy spent their time taking an office directory and rearranging the letters to spell out: "Free Bobby Seale," and "Fuck Elkins," the school president.

The prosecution called on campus policemen to say that they locked the building at 5 P.M., that no administrators were there and that they were overwhelmed by the students who came there at 8:10 P.M. after a faculty vote rejected alternative grading plans brought up during two weeks of anti-Cambodian invasion protests.

Officer Thomas Johnson said he was not frightened of the students and that he joked with them. Sgt. Bernard Hedges could not identify Dean, (though the defendant was sitting only five feet in front of him during the trial) until he was prompted by the prosecutor. And he couldn't find Malloy. Campus police chief Leonard Jankowski provided the best testimony when he was allowed to walk around the courtroom to see if he could pick

out Malloy, whom he said was a leader of the takeover.

He walked up the aisle and pointed to a female spectator, saying, "That's her." The judge, Ralph Powers (perhaps the fairest in the county), asked the woman to stand up and she did, smiling broadly. It wasn't Mary Malloy. Jankowski, who revealed he took over as police chief after serving as an army MP investigator in Vietnam, said the students weren't violent, and that they became noisy only when he appeared on the scene.

"They greeted me with 'oink, oink' and all the other usual niceties," he testified. He laughed a lot during his testimony.

Also testifying for the prosecution was Walter Waetjen, a high official of the school who actually wrote the trespass law Dean was convicted under.

Dean and two other students testified on their own behalf, with Dean saying since he wanted to do the legal thing about his protest, he thought the administration building would be where he could find administrators. He also said the door wasn't broken down,

rather than Johnson, who was guarding the building, opened it up for the students and joked with them. While all that was going on, students on Route One were preparing for that night's major confrontation with national guardsmen.

The prosecution said Dean should have known that the University buildings close at five and that there was nobody in the building. Dean said no one had ever told students that buildings close at five, and that the lights were on when he went there.

After the trial, University image relations man Robert Beach revealed that there were administrators in the building. Apparently no law had been broken, and even if there were, the testimony brought out that the students' action was peaceful, orderly and relatively mild compared to what else was going on.

The jury argued for four hours, loud enough to be heard in the halls of justice. But they finally convicted Dean of the two counts—trespass, carrying a six month term, and forcible entry an indeterminate sentence. Sentencing was delayed while parole officers check Dean's background.

After the trial, a woman juror raced up to Dean, in tears, and apologized for convicting him. "I'm sorry," she told

continued on page six

NO PEACE FOR JUSTICE

A real, stoned freak got himself elected Justice of the Peace this year in, of all places, Lawrence, Kansas. But guess what? The county fathers decided not to allow him to take office.

His name is Phillip C. Hill. He ran on the Democratic ticket and won. After he got elected he announced that he intended to perform homosexual marriages and group marriages, and when asked, did not deny being a dope dealer.

"As soon as that got out," he told the *Free Press* yesterday, "the newly-elected Attorney General said, 'Mark that man! We're gonna get him.'"

The Attorney General and the County Attorney declared that the office no longer existed and hadn't for two years. Yet, another man has held the office and functioned as J.P. up to the present time. "That means that all the people who were married by that J.P. aren't legally married, and their children are bastards," Hill laughed.

"Why did you decide to run for the office?" we asked.

"Whose idea was it, you mean?"

"Right."

"Well," Hill said, "it was the community here, the Call Valley Hemp Pickers, which is the dope union, and the White Panther Party, which is the political group here. They wanted to get things running, and they kinda wanted me to do it, so I thought it would be a lot of fun."

"There was already a Republican candidate filed for Justice of the Peace, and there are two justices to be elected in this town. So I went ahead and filed on the Democratic ticket. And nobody knew. The Democratic Party didn't know until after the election. And then they immediately started disclaiming me."

Hill has long hair and a beard, but he did not make any public appearances or campaign for election.

"We're getting all sorts of mail from all over the world," he went on. "From Germany, and Australia, and the Arab countries. And there was a front page picture of my freaky looks, and everybody seems to be pretty freaked out about it."

"As soon as I get my certificate, we have a lot of people here who want to get into homosexual marriages and group marriages."

"The election was November 3, and they were supposed to give me my certificate within twenty days, but the County Attorney got an injunction to stop that, so we've got to go ahead and fight it in court, to get my certificate,

and then we can go ahead and start doing the marriages."

"It was the state attorney that really intervened and did all the bullshit and said it was against the law. I guess there's money in it too, you know? Some of the other justices are really getting mad because they're afraid we're going to rip their jobs off. I think most of their money is made in performing marriages. You can charge whatever you want."

"It was the Attorney General who declared the office did not exist, and his word is law, and you've got to take it to court."

So it's really true! A lot of couples living in Kansas are not married, and their children are illegitimate! Far out!

Another long-time freak, George Kimball, ran for Sheriff in the same town, on the Democratic ticket and got about 2000 votes.



"But the Democratic Party found out about him right after the primaries. He didn't file until a half an hour before the deadline," Hill told me. "So there was nobody here running on the Democratic Party ticket. So the Democrats went on the radio, and they were handing out bulletins, and they wouldn't let him speak at the Democratic rallies, and things like that."

"We had planned, more or less, that Kimball would run a loud campaign. And we kept it quiet, and we got something like 6000 votes for Justice of the Peace!"

"What does Kimball look like?" we asked.

"He looks crazy," Hill laughed. "He was running around here, when he was campaigning, with a cap-and-ball pistol strapped to his side, wearing a purple vest, hair all stringy and far-out, and he's got one glass eye, so whenever you look at him he always looks as if he's stoned anyway."

The action of the Attorney General in denying a properly elected official the right to take office is obviously and flagrantly illegal, but whether he will be forced to let Hill assume the office that is rightfully his remains to be seen.

"But we thought it would be a right-on thing to do!" Hill said.

The story is an extremely important and significant one because it goes to the heart of one of the key issues of the day: the radicals say the system is fucked, that you must work outside of the system. Liberals (and some conservatives) tell us to work within the system, to work for change and progress from the inside.

This, then, is what happens when you play their games—it's just fine as long as you have no chance of winning. But when you win, they call the game off. That game doesn't count, they say. It only counts when they win.

The Kennedy brothers tried to accomplish progressive change by working within the system, and look what happened to them! And I won't bore you with M.L. King, Malcolm, and all the rest. The Yippie Festival of Life, during the 1968 Chicago Convention, accomplished a very important task: it stripped away the myth of "government by the people" and exposed, before the eyes of millions, the fact that the power of the United States Government rests not on the support of the people, but on naked force—guns, billyclubs, tear gas.

Similarly, what Hill and Kimball did in Kansas was important, and well worth doing, but no one should expect to bring down the U.S. power elite that way. What it accomplishes—and it's very important—is to strip away the myth. It's important because every such act adds a little increment to peoples' awareness of the myth.

The point is this: a power elite does not willingly give up its power. They will go to any lengths to hold it; they will even go to their death—or yours—to hold it. The machine snuffs those who get in its way.

You cannot achieve any real change in a situation such as we have today, where a small well-established power elite holds unassailable control over 200 million people who are ill-informed, misinformed, most of them seriously mentally disordered, confounded by the mass-media propaganda organs, and kept going around in circles—hysterical, self-destructive circles, by their manipulators.

But the American power structure is already in serious trouble. Many of its own children are turning away, refusing to take their places in the hereditary power hierarchy. Above the corpse of the old myth, a new reality is being born. And America reacts.

(L.A. Free Press/UPS)

TIME NOW continued from page thirteen

would like to... like to... No. There are things to be told. There are things that are happening and must be told. And it doesn't matter about liking or not liking. It matters that we tell each other things. I don't know. I think so. But I don't know. Because I would like to like you, and I would like you to like me."

Now what is any actor supposed to do with a passage like that?

Need more convincing? How about this....

Now we know,
Nothing's knowing,
now we've made
a monument.

Now we know
Where to know
If we need to
Know at all.

(Passages quoted by permission of the director.)

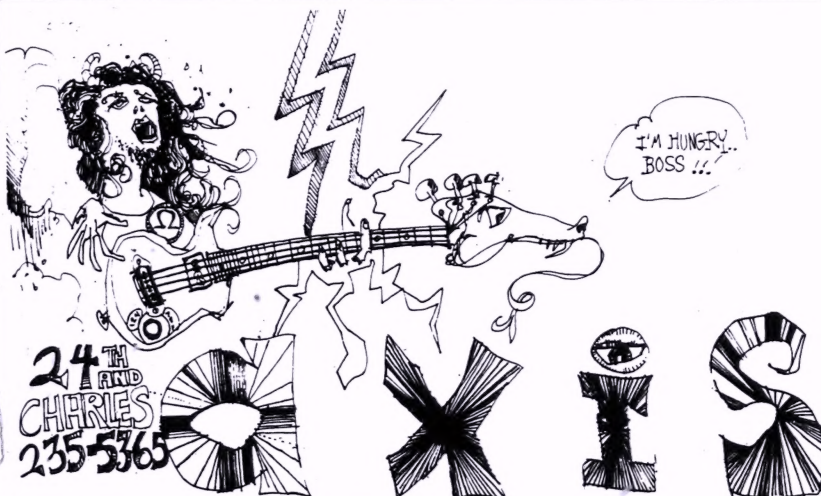
I could really open up the script to any page and quote equally bad prose or poetry, but why bother? To give any more room to this play is to pay it too great a compliment.

One final word about the production. The set for the play was excellent and one wishes that in the future the designer will have justice done to his work. The lighting and sound were good (the recording of Terry Riley's "In C" was used throughout the performance). The costumes were well made and very effective and functional although I must admit that the production would have gone over better in the nude as was originally planned. I personally would have given anything for five minutes of distraction.

I also hope that we can give the audience that goes to this sort of thing enough credit to say that they didn't come out and actually discuss the "message" of the play. Theater audiences have enough pseudo-intellectualism built in to make the most trivial writing seem relevant on the way home from the performance. But I hope that this time even this slim compliment wasn't paid.

I recently talked to Joe Harris, the director for this production, about what the actual purpose of Corner Theatre is, and found that what we potentially have in the theater as it now exists is an exciting potential for the production of experimental theater here in the heart of the city. This is perhaps why I was so disappointed in the production there now. Corner Theatre is in its third year, and for any small theatre to stay alive that long is an amazing feat. The actors there are all dedicated to every aspect of what they're into, and they all work long hours with absolutely no pay. They put themselves through hard sensitivity sessions, and practice as hard as any other actors do on lines, movement, and development of character. And there's absolutely no reason why this theater can't be one of the best of the new theaters in style and quality of performance. Several things have to be done before that can happen, however. First, they have to realize that the surroundings they work in must be part of the play and that the feeling that projects must project from the total environment that they choose to represent. Second, they must be more selective in their casting. Not every performer can play every role, and it is no insult to reject a performer for a role he/she cannot perform. Third, pick plays that are not necessarily plays in the traditional sense... be convinced of what you are saying while you are saying it.

Everyone I've spoken to at Corner Theatre seems to be sincere and enthusiastic about the possibilities that their theater presents. And they should be. But if the theater is ever to be successful in it aesthetic, then it must never present something like *Time Now*. It would have been far better to invite the audience merely to talk to each other than to be slandered and insulted by the sophomoric whims of a juvenile writer.



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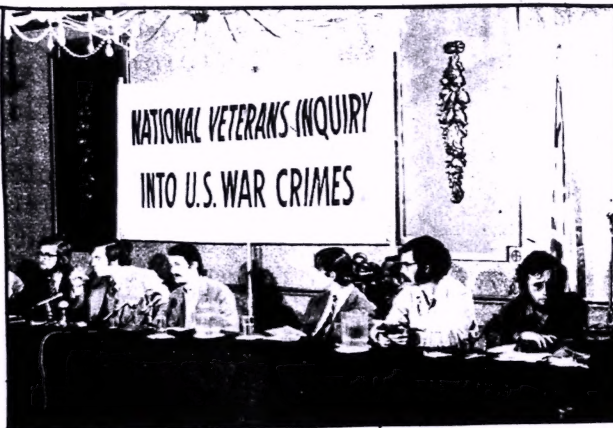
by Kathy West

The National Committee for a Citizen's Commission of Inquiry on U.S. War Crimes in Vietnam recently conducted a three day hearing at the DuPont Plaza Hotel in Washington D.C. During the first three days of December, fifty Vietnam veterans testified to atrocities they had either witnessed or in which they had participated. The testimony revealed that atrocities, similar in nature to the My Lai tragedy, are not isolated incidents, but rather an integral part of routine U.S. military policy in Vietnam.

Typical of the testimony heard at the inquiry was that given by William E. Marhoun, formally a field radio operator, 173rd Airborne brigade. His company had secured a beach area outside of Bong Son, without encountering enemy fire. Women and children from the village began filtering onto the beach, relaxing and selling Cokes to the GI's. Without provocation, the defenseless villagers were met with a two minute burst of gunfire which killed all 24--no weapons of any kind were found. Marhoun reported this incident to his commanding officer who responded, "Yeah, we got 26 V.C.--a gook is a gook; if its got slanted eyes, kill the bastard."

This is a racist war, success determined by body count, regardless of sex, age, armed or unarmed. A body is a body. We are the enemy, trying to liberate, to force freedom on an oppressed race of people.

Further testimony revealed the inhumane treatment of prisoners. Kenneth B. Osborne, a former private in the 525th Military Intelligence Group, stated that a sharpened peg was driven through a prisoner's ear, one knock at a time, until the prisoner died when the stake hit his brain. A more common method of interrogation involves forcing two prisoners onto a helicopter. While the chopper is in flight, one of the prisoners is interrogated and if he refuses to talk is thrown from the air craft. The second prisoner is usually



TRIALS OF JUSTICE

quite willing to talk. And a much more ingenious method, for this cannot kill a suspect, just tantalize his captors and cause him a little pain. It is the Bell Telephone Hour and involves wiring a prisoner's testicles and ears to an army field telephone then "cranking him up"...shooting him with increased volts of electricity. Severe beatings, breaking bones, mental brow-beating of suspects, all are methods regularly employed by the U.S. military in Vietnam. On one occasion a small boy, labeled a suspect, was beaten to death by a U.S. sergeant and a South Vietnamese national.

Listening to three days of these confessions gets to be a real mind fuck. It is agonizingly obvious that these and other war crimes are committed every single day. It is even more obvious that the military policy makers are aware of this, and not only condone but encourage such activities. Indiscriminate slaughtering of civilians, wholesale

destruction of villages, search and destroy missions, defoliation, napalming a complete culture--genocide is U.S. military policy in Vietnam.

How can the military pull something like this? It is complex, yet simple. The majority of our soldiers become mere robots, programmed by basic and advanced training. A forced loss of self respect annihilates their individual consciences and leaves in its place a void, an empty shell which merely follows orders. The individual soldiers aren't guilty, the responsibility for these atrocities lies ultimately with the high command beginning with the Commander and Chief.

The Citizen's Commission of Inquiry was formed after the exposure of the My Lai atrocity, one of thousands committed over the past few years. Its purpose is clear: to prevent the further scapegoating of individual soldiers by placing the responsibility for

war crime policies where it belongs--on the military structure which dictates the American policy of genocide in Vietnam.

Since last year the Commission has held similar hearings in over a dozen U.S. cities. The Washington Inquiry garnered the most publicity and in that sense can be considered the most successful. The room was jammed with TV equipment, radio paraphernalia, about 100 street people and Parren Mitchell (the only Congressman in attendance). But we must continue to expose such atrocities in order to eventually suppress our current military policy makers. Perhaps this three day hearing was best wrapped up by Bob Johnson, a West Point graduate and Vietnam veteran:

"The trial of Lt. Calley must be stopped. We have heard the eye witness testimony of fifty Vietnam veterans who have recounted atrocities that they have witnessed or participated in--and provided written testimony of sixty other witnesses. We have developed substantial evidence that war crimes are not aberrant acts, but that war crimes are a way of life in Vietnam. They are the logical consequences of our inhuman war policies. Lt. Calley is a victim of our war policies. He is a scapegoat of our national policy. Ask any Vietnam veteran. The Calley trial must be stopped until there is a full scale investigation into our war policies which inevitably and daily lead to the slaughter of civilians. All Congressmen and Senators were invited to our hearing--only one attended. It is clear from this that it is incumbent upon private citizens of America to continue to investigate our national war policy as it relates to the brutalization of the Vietnamese people and American soldiers.

"The thousands of Vietnamese Veterans must be allowed to tell their stories without fear of reprisal, without fear of being made yet another scapegoat for the generals and war policy makers."



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Psychedelic Gender Bender

SEATTLE [CPS] — Not chromosome damage and deformities but girl babies are the end result of LSD-taking pregnant women, according to a university pediatrics professor.

Dr. David Smith discussed his theories during a recent symposium. His findings came about as a result of a study completed by himself and Dr. John Aase.

In their research the two doctors studied 10 babies born to mothers who had taken LSD during pregnancy. As a control they also examined a group of 10 babies from mothers who had never taken LSD. Their findings showed that none of the 20 infants displayed birth defects, nor was there any discernably chromosome damage. The only outstanding difference between the two groups was that the "LSD babies" were all girls.



"The mathematical probabilities of that occurring by chance are rather slim," said Dr. Smith. "But that doesn't mean it couldn't happen."

Dr. Smith said he was critical of past research done on the effects of LSD on chromosomes and the unborn fetus because the actual evidence from these studies has been extrapolated far beyond what was actually observed. He stressed that the findings from his study were also quite rudimentary and conclusions should not be carried too far beyond the actual observations of the study. "With LSD you have a situation where everyone is so interested in finding as many things wrong with it as possible, that objective research becomes rather difficult."

The first research which concluded that LSD might cause chromosome damage in human beings was done with white blood cells in a "test tube" situation. Pure LSD was placed directly upon the lymphocytes and the result was "chromosome breakage" in some of the cells. However, Dr. Smith explained that the same effect could be achieved with aspirin, caffeine, and many other substances.

Soon after this study a doctor in New York published findings which showed that, out of five babies whose mothers had taken LSD during pregnancy, two had signs of chromosome damage. "About two percent of all babies are born with some kind of malformation anyway," Dr. Smith said.

"Without a baseline (comparison between LSD babies and total number of babies observed) it is difficult to make use of this type of information."

Dr. Smith said he became more interested in the results of his own study after he had read an unrelated report on the offspring of schizophrenic parents. He said that in this study, all mothers who showed psychotic symptoms within one month after conception had girl babies.

Because there are similarities between schizophrenia and the symptoms of having taken LSD, Dr. Smith said he thinks there may be a connection as to why they both cause the rejection of the XY (male) fetus.

An Army of Lovers Cannot Lose

(The D.C. 12 is not a new airplane, but a group of gay revolutionaries who were arrested on November 28, during the weekend of the People's Revolutionary Constitutional Convention. They were charged with assault with a deadly weapon, illegal entry and destruction of property.)

The bust followed a confrontation and struggle at a bar-restaurant where a group of gays were refused service.

The author of the following article was among those arrested.)

by Tom Ashe

Again gay people are being oppressed by the straight-oriented American system. We were refused service in the Zephyr restaurant, an all-white fraternity-type elitist establishment. We gave no hassles, except that we were out front about our gayness. We also have been confined to Washington, D.C. until the trial, which keeps being postponed, and which has made us lose our jobs in other cities, and has altogether wiped us out financially.

Since this was the first action taken by gay people united from all over the country, it is an issue of national concern for gay people and all revolutionaries. We were the only people arrested during the convention. There are some things the pigs can't turn their cheeks to, and that's an affront to their butch-macho images.

Gay people are sick of the shit that straights give us. We intend to commit revolutionary suicide in order to insure that there will be no revolution in this country without us. We have never been free in this country, and in joining with others to construct a new constitution, which would reflect our needs, we were again ripped off by the system.

I came from Berkeley, and others in the D.C. Twelve came from Chicago,

and Detroit. What we have formed as a result of our oppression is a collective spirit that can't be smashed by "the man." An army of lovers cannot lose.

Though the pigs can physically and mentally abuse us like this, we realize that we are natural-born revolutionaries and have had to withstand a great amount of oppression all our lives. They can try to jail gays, but they'll never be able to jail our inherent revolutionary spirit that will never leave us until we are free.

We hope that both our gay and straight sisters and brothers will support us in any way they can. We have received some help from around the country, but we need all we can get to have a gay Christmas.

continued from page three

him. "I should have done more," the unidentified woman, who sat on the jury looking like the typical anti-radical waitress from the sticks of Upper Marlboro, admitted that as many as seven of the jurors were for acquittal, but that two men on the jury "intimidated" them into convicting. Malloy comforted the woman saying, "That's all right—you're not guilty."

The verdict came at four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. Dean said he would appeal. He was defended by movement lawyer Selma Samols.



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Jaime Brockett: Always coming, always gone, yet always with us. "I'm Jaime Brockett, I'm Gen. Custer, I'm P. T. Barnum, I'm a mind drift pervert from Denver who just plays music."

Maury Muehleisen—Gingerbread: Traveler west through imagination. Opaque and lucid thought/feeling; nostalgia. "Right now we're all experiencing the ever since."

Don Nix—In God We Trust: "with special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, John Fry, Denny Cordell, Leon Russell, Jim Stewart." Open the door and see all the people.

McGuinness—Flint: Top of British charts now to further and Furthur Bergmanesque/mysterious fame fortune on sunny American machinations. Welcome.



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All Power to the Claus Offer

by Spencer Holst

Once upon a time there was a person who ended wars forever by murdering forty-two Santa Clauses.

It all began about ten days before Christmas when a Salvation Army Santa Claus was murdered midtown.

A morning newspaper carried the story, but the next day five more Santa Clauses were murdered and it hit the headlines of every paper in the country.

Four of them were killed collecting money for the Salvation Army and the fifth was stabbed in the toy department of Gimbel's.

And people were outraged! They were indignant! They thought what a monster, what a ghoul this guy must be, I mean, to spoil the children's Christmas by murdering Santa Claus.

They weren't concerned over the actual lives of the men murdered, it was just what effect it would have on the children that upset everyone.

So the next day the town was filled with city and state police, FBI men, and even some Naval Intelligence officers, Treasury agents, and Department of Justice officials, all of whom found excuses to get in on the case—and ten more Santa Clauses were murdered, and the elusive killer wasn't caught.

So that night all the working Santa Clauses held a secret meeting to decide what to do. They realized their responsibilities toward the children, but on the other hand it seemed sort of foolish to go out and just get popped off by this maniac.

And so one man, who was a brave man, and who had no dependents, volunteered to go out the next day in costume under heavily armed guard.

But his throat was slashed in bed that night.

And so the next day there were no Santa Clauses in the city.



And people were all sort of irritable and jumpy, and kids were crying, and it just didn't seem like Christmas without Santa Clauses.

But the next day some daffy Hollywood starlet, some actress who wanted some publicity, came out dressed in a Mrs. Santa Claus costume.

And people and kids flocked around her, being the nearest thing to Santa Claus on the streets, and she got a lot of publicity, and she wasn't killed.

So the next day several more prominent women came out, all dressed up like Mrs. Santa Claus with white powdered hair and red skirts and pillows in their stomachs and Santa Claus hats, and they weren't killed either.

They decided maybe this maniac had

stopped, so they sent out one Mr. Santa Claus as a test, but within an hour his body was being taken to Bellevue in an ambulance. There were three bullets in him.

And so Christmas that year was spent with Mrs. Santa Clauses.

And the next year the same thing started to happen all over again so they sent the women out immediately.

The next year the same thing happened; and the next, and the next, and year after year this patient elusive maniac would kill any male dressed as Santa Claus, until finally, in the newspapers, in advertisements, and in people's minds, Santa Claus sort of dropped into the background and Mrs. Santa Claus became the central figure.

I mean Santa Claus was still there. He made the toys up at the North Pole and he was in charge of the elves, but it was Mrs. Santa Claus who rode the sleigh with the reindeer and slid down the chimney and gave away the presents and led the Christmas parade each year.

And the funny part of it was these women really seemed to enjoy being Mrs. Santa Claus. No one had to pay them and it got to be such a fad that the streets around Christmastime were jammed with Mrs. Santa Clauses.

And the kids loved it!

Christmas had never been like this before, with all these Santa Clauses, and all the excitement, and gee!

But these kids, this new generation of kids who grew up believing in Mrs. Santa Claus, were sort of different.

Because you see Santa Claus to very young children is—a God.

And about the time they stop believing in Santa Claus they start going to Sunday School and learning about a new God. And this new God doesn't just give them presents. He's sort of rough.

But all their lives they yearn for their old childhood God, their Santa Claus God.

Like witness their prayers, their saying—give me what I want.

But this new generation of kids grew up believing in Mrs. Santa Claus seemed to have a different attitude toward women.

They began electing women to congress and they elected a woman president and women mayors until

pretty soon the entire country was run by women.

They were mainly concerned with things like food, and there was much debate in congress about various diets, and pretty soon even the poorest people had a lot to eat; and they were interested in houses, and soon there was no housing shortage.

But there was one thing they wouldn't stand for.

They just weren't going to do it.

I mean what possible political reason could make these women send people out to be killed? It was ridiculous!

So with their political power and their financial power they forced and encouraged other countries to let women run things.

So war was ended forever.

Men went on doing just what they'd always done. They worked in factories, and studied higher mathematics, and gambled on horses, and delivered the ice, and argued about philosophy.

But these arguments about philosophy didn't cause people to starve and kill each other.

And pretty soon all over the world, why, no one was hungry, everybody had nice houses, there was no more war, and people began to be happy.

You know, when you stop to think about it, a world revolution had taken place.

And gee, 42 Santa Clauses, that's not many people killed for a world revolution.

But the murderer, or really, the saint to whom humanity owed so much, who planned and carried out this almost bloodless revolution, was never caught and crucified.

Just went on living.

No, no one ever discovered the identity of this saint... that is... shh... except me.

I know who the saint is.

Oh, I have no proof, but you see that's exactly why I'm so sure I know. Because there is only one person capable of this, there is only one person with the genius, the daring, the imagination, the courage, the love of people, the blood lust, and patience required to carry out this greatest of all deeds.

That person is my little sister.

(WIN/ FRINS)



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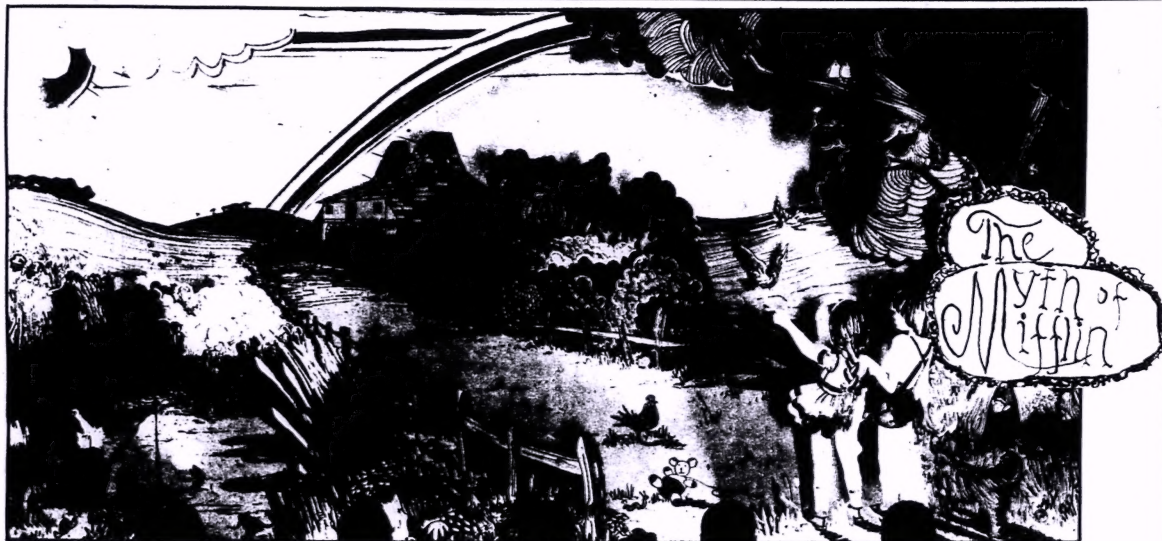
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Madison, Wisconsin—Once upon a time in a land called Tickyack there lived thousands of good bright little children. These children, known as war babies, went to school after school and finally wound up all together in the biggest school, the university. The war babies had fun in the university because there weren't as many rules as before. There were some, though, and many of the worst were in the tickyacky dormitories, which the university provided. So, to get away from the dorms, they tricked into places around the university, one of which was called Mifflin Street, Madison. Here the boys and girls could strum their guitars as late as they wanted and even live together without being married. There was wine and poetry and even a few *reefers*. They listened to Dylan and Baez and joined CORE and encouraged the Negroes and whites to integrate and shake hands. Every summer busses left the Green Lantern Eating Co-op for Mississippi and voter registration drives.

Retreat

Time passed in Tickyackland; the great god Dylan bid lonesome farewell not giving a damn. Somewhere around 4th Street he met the White Rabbit and swallowed Timothy the Magician's magic cube. Negroes became blacks and handshakes became fists.

In the orange sunshine of the west the freedom riders turned into pranksters and tripped through the Golden Gate.

A new generation came to Mifflin Street and soon, the pleasant midwestern gardens blossomed into Strawberry Fields under the same orange sunshine. My Sweet Lady was there and Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds and even the shadow of Puff, the Magic Dragon.

Back in the land of Tickyack, Martin the Good and Robert the Fair were slain battling King Lyndon and his Vietnam Ogres. King Lyndon abdicated, setting the stage for the House of Jaws, led by Richard and his talking buffoon, Spiro. The Battle of Chicago was the turning point, where the sons and daughters of Tickyack, cleverly disguised as the forces of Sir Clean-for-Gene, got beaten over the head and turned back. They retreated back to Mifflin Street to begin to create their own land. Hoping, disinherited as they were, for their own kingdom, where, as before, they would be the princes and princesses of the realm. Strawberry Fields and orange sunshine, but nothing else of Tickyackland would be found there. It would be fortified with the depth of its meadows and the strength of their fellowship brought on by their common plight.

Co-op

As if by magic, the corner grocery store turned up for sale. This was the heaven that would raise the loaf! The good people of Mifflin Street, of Basset, of Dayton and still further came to give their hard-earned parents' dollars to

begin this noblest cornerstone of the new land: *The Co-op*. And when the people saw what they had done they were amazed. From far and near came more sons and daughters to gaze upon the wondrous new food store, that unlike Tickyack's food stores, had babies and dirt and bean sprouts and long-haired grocery clerks and a big sign proclaiming *Food for the Revolution*. Here was a place to sit and talk, just like in all the movies they'd ever seen of a land called Dodge City, the land of their dreams, where man was man. And it gave them the mellow feeling of bulletin boards and hand-lettered signs and open cash registers and warmth, and all the things that were forbidden in the five-lane, multi-tiered, sale-a-minute warehouse they had known up till then.

Cashiers worked for nothing but the love of the people and getting high through the long winter even without sunshine and meadows.

Festival

Spring came to Mifflin Street and the co-op survived and grew strong. Fellowship was everywhere and people gathered on the steps, on their porches, in the streets.

A great festival was held to celebrate the new awareness. There was music and dancing and our friends were all aboard. Many more of them lived next door. Mifflin Street was Pepperland for a day. But every Pepperland has its little blue meanies and they came too. Tickyack land was beginning to take notice of this new threat to its reality, the reality that only comes from the barrel of a gun and is certainly not rolled. The blue meanies killed the festival, but later that day the first barricades made their appearances.

Chicago came to Mifflin Street, but this time on home territory. There was no victory, but there was no defeat, either. That summer, the dogs and cats played harder than ever in the dirt of the People's Park.

Blue Meanies

But the meanies in blue did not forget so easily. They threw their entire arsenal, their most disgusting weapons, against Mifflin Street.

First to arrive was the thousand-eyed cyclops. It was the eyes, ears, noses, mouth and ass of the tickyack society and it wore a smile on its face. At first, everyone basked in its TV eye, posed for the photographers, giggled and laughed at the microphones. Millions of words arose of all kinds, shapes and sizes to engulf the street. The thousand-eyed monster ate every matter-of-fact date and deed, and digested it all, and it was nevermore seen again. Its mere glance, it was soon discovered, was lethal. The people retreated in horror, but it was too late. Everything upon which it had turned became mounted, dissected, documented, dead.

As the Strawberry Fields began to wilt under the hot-eyed glance of the monster, the evil sorcerers in the pay of the meanies sent in their ultimate weapon. A potion with exactly the opposite effects to the good magician Timothy's cube and its mystery tour. It was a death potion, with visions of the graveyard and permanently bewitched those who took it, making them forever into the very sub-humans that everybody else on Mifflin Street was trying very hard to stop being. As the death potion began seeping into the

veins of the children, Strawberry Fields made way for Tombstone Blues.

Finally, there was an invasion. Lured by the lies of the thousand-eyed monster, senses numbed by the evil potion, legions of younger tickyack children arrived to join their brothers and sisters in the new society now called Miffland. But it was not big enough for them all and especially for the junkyard Angel and the one-eyed freak shouting, "NOW!" The circus was in town for good and all the princes and princesses started turning back into Tickyack while snorting their flowers, which now cost money as did most Tickyack habits.

To this very day, there are those who remember the glorious days of Miffland, although they don't talk about it any more. Many more of the people are gone now, off taking the tale of Miffland to the rest of Tickyackland and creating one too many Mifflands and a thousand miles behind.

Moral...

You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime you just might find you get what you need, or, maybe, what you deserve.

(Madison Kaleidoscope/UPS)



WEATHER

continued from page one

They had not considered the future: either what to do with the bombs if it had not been possible to reach their targets, or what to do in the following days.

This tendency to consider only bombings or picking up the gun as revolutionary, with the glorification of the heavier the better, we've called the military error.

After the explosion, we called off all armed actions until such time as we felt the causes had been understood and acted upon. We found that the alternative direction already existed among us and had been developed within other collectives. We became aware that a group of outlaws who are isolated from the youth communities do not have a sense of what is going on, can not develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people, have become us and them.

It was a question of revolutionary culture. Either you saw the youth culture that has been developing as bourgeois or decadent and therefore to be treated as the enemy of the revolution, or you saw it as the forces which produced us, a culture that we were a part of, a young and unformed society (nation).

In the past months we have had our minds blown by the possibilities that exist for all of us to develop the movement so that as revolutionaries we change and shape the cultural revolution. We are in a position to change it for the better. Men who are chauvinists can change and become revolutionaries who no longer embrace any part of the culture that stands in the way of the freedom of women. Hippies and students who fear black power should check out Rap Brown's *Die Nigger* and George Jackson's writings. We can continue to liberate and subvert attempts to rip off the culture. People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets. Not in an underground cell.

Because we are fugitives, we could not go near the Movement. That proved to be a blessing because we've watched the TV news of our bombings with neighbors and friends who don't know that we're Weatherpeople. We are often afraid but we take our fear for granted now, not trying to act tough. What we once thought would have to be some zombie-like discipline has turned out to be a yoga of alertness, a heightened awareness of activities and vibrations around us—almost a new set of eyes and ears.

Even though we have not communicated about ourselves specifically before this, our actions have said much about where our heads are at. We have obviously not gone in for large scale material damage. Most of our actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect against the enemy has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism.

The attacks on the Marin County Court House and the Long Island City Jail were because we believe that the resistance and political leadership that is growing within the prisons demands immediate and mass support from young people. For all the George Jacksons, Afeni Shakurs and potential revolutionaries in these jails, the movement is the lifeline. They rebelled expecting massive support from outside.

Demonstrations in support of prison revolts are a major responsibility of the movement, but someone must call for them, put out the leaflets, convince people that it is a priority. We are so used to feeling powerless that we believe pig propaganda about the death of the movement, or some bad politics about rallies being obsolete and bullshit. A year ago, when Bobby Seale was ripped off in Chicago and the movement didn't respond, it made it easier for the pigs to murder Fred Hampton. Now two Puerto Ricans have been killed by the pigs in the New York jails, in retaliation for the prisoner rebellion. What we do or don't do makes a difference.

It will require courage and close families of people to do this organizing.

Twos and threes is not a good form for anything—it won't put out a newspaper, organize a conference on the war, or do an armed action without getting caught. Our power is that together we are mobile, decentralized, flexible and we come into every home where there are children who catch the music of freedom and life.

The women and men in jails are POWs held by the United States. When an American pilot is shot down while bombing North Vietnamese villages, he is often surrounded by thousands of people who have just seen their family and homes destroyed by the bombs he was delivering. Yet the man is not attacked and killed by the Vietnamese but is cared for as a prisoner. Nixon is now waging a last-ditch moral crusade around the treatment of those American war criminals to justify all his impending atrocities.

Augusta and Jackson brought to all of us a coming of age, a seriousness about how hard it will be to fight in America and how long it will take us to win. We are all beginning to figure out what the Cubans meant when they told us about the need for new men and new women.

People have been experimenting with everything about their lives, fierce against the ways of the white man. They have learned how to survive together in the poisoned cities and how to live on the road and the land. They've moved to the country and found new ways to bring up free wild children. People have purified themselves with organic foods, fought for sexual liberation, grown long hair.

People have reached out to each other and learned that grass and organic consciousness-expanding drugs are weapons of the revolution. Not mandatory for everyone, not a

long without being detected.

One of the most important things that has changed since people began working in collectives is the idea of what leadership is. People—and especially groups of sisters—don't want to follow academic ideologues or authoritarians. From Fidel's speeches and Ho's poems we've understood how leaders grow out of being deeply in touch with movements. From Crazy Horse and other great Indian chiefs we've learned that the people who respect their tribe and its needs are followed freely and with love. The Lakotas laughed at the whites' appointing one man to be chief of all the Lakota tribes, as if people wouldn't still go with which ever leader they thought was doing the right thing!

Many of these changes have been pushed forward by women both in collectives with men and in all-women's collectives. The enormous energy of sisters working together has not only transformed the movement internally, but when it moves out it is a movement that confuses and terrifies America. When asked about the sincerity of Mme. Binh's proposals, Ky says, "Never trust a woman in politics." The pigs refuse to believe that women can write a statement or build a sophisticated explosive device or fight in the streets. But while we have seen the potential strength of thousands of women marching, it is now up to revolutionary women to take the lead to call militant demonstrations, to organize young women, to carry the Viet Cong flag, to make it hard for Nixon and Ky to travel around the country ranting about POWs the same day that hundreds of women are being tortured in the prisons of South Vietnam.

It's up to us to tell women in America about Mme. Binh in Paris; about Pham Thi Quyen, fighter in the Saigon underground and wife of Nguyen Van Troi; about Mme. Nguyen Thi Dinh, leader of the first South Vietnamese Peoples' Liberation Armed Forces unit uprising in Ben Tre in 1961; about Celia Sanchez and Haydee Santamaria who fought at Moncada and in the Havana underground; about Bernadette Devlin and Leila Khaled and Lolita Lebron; and about Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur and Mary Moylan here.

We can't wait to organize people until we get ourselves together any more than we can act without being together. They must go on at the same time. None of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles. We are in many different regions of the country and are building different kinds of leaders and organizations. It's not coming together into one organization, or paper structure of factions or coalitions. It's a New Nation that will grow out of the struggles of the next year.

Weather Underground

Bernadette Devlin

Bernadette Dohrn

(The Communique ended with a fingerprint underneath Bernadette's signature.)

"Revolutionaries must possess a full measure of humanity and a sense of justice and truth. Theirs is a daily struggle to transform their love of living humanity into concrete deeds, into acts that will serve as a mobilizing force and example."

—Che Guevara

The demonstrations and strikes following the rape of Indochina and the murders at Jackson and Kent last May showed real power and made a strong difference. New people were reached and involved and the government was put on the defensive. This month the bombings could have touched off actions expressing our fury at double-talking Laird and his crew—war research and school administrators and travelling politicians are within reach of our leaflet, our rallies, our rocks. Women's lib groups can find in Nguyen Thi Binh a sister for whom there is love and support here. Her proposals for peace must be explained and Bloody Dick's plans to use more bombers to replace the GIs who are refusing to fight exposed as the escalation and genocide it is. Vietnamization Indianization limited duration protective reaction suppressive fire horseshit. It seems that we sometimes forget that in Vietnam strong liberated women and men live and fight. Not as abstract guerrilla fighters, slugging it out with U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia, but as people with values and loves and parents and children and hopes for the future.

People like Thai, a fighter in the People's Liberation Armed Forces who was in Hue during Tet and at Hamburger Hill a year later, or Than Tra, an organizer in the mass women's organization and the students' movement in the cities, who had not seen her lover in nine years. They travelled for a month to come to Cuba to meet with us, to sing and dance and explain how it is in Vietnam. There is nothing brutal or macho about guns and bombs in their hands.

We can't help thinking that if more people knew about them, the anti-war movement would never have allowed Nixon and Agnew to travel to so many cities during the past election with only the freaks at Kansas State and the people of San Jose to make our anger at his racism known to the world.

The hearts of our people are in a good place. Over the past months, freaks and hippies and a lot of other people in the movement have begun to dig in for a long winter. Kent and

gut-check, but a tool—a Yacqui way of knowledge. But while we sing of drugs the enemy knows how great a threat our youth culture is to their rule, and they employ their allies—the killer-drugs (smack and speed)—to pacify and destroy young people. No revolution can succeed without the youth, and we face that possibility if we don't meet this threat.

People are forming new families. Collectives have sprung up from Seattle to Atlanta, Buffalo to Vermont, and they are units of people to trust each other both to live together and to organize and fight together. The revolution involves our whole lives; we aren't part-time soldiers or secret revolutionaries. It is our closeness and the integration of our personal lives with our revolutionary work that will make it hard for undercover pigs to infiltrate our collectives. It's one thing for pigs to go to a few meetings, even meetings of a secret cell. It's much harder for them to live in a family for

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On Leaving a Southern Country

by David Graham

If you are considering Canada to avoid the draft or perhaps to desert the army, you'll probably have a lot more company than you'd expect. The U.S. government has mumbled figures of a few thousand eighty-seven dodgers and a few hundred thirty-three deserters, but then every street person in Toronto says he knows about that many at least: the figures are impossibly absurd lies. The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, the most effective and best informed resister center in Canada, approximates 50,000 dodgers and 2,000 deserters have entered Canada since 1964, and these estimates are considered conservative by many of the people I've met in the last year. I have close friends who left this country several years ago, more who are planning to leave, have spent time in Toronto and Vancouver, and thumbed the trans-Canada highway a few months ago. It's hard to find a native sometimes.

First, let me say that Canada wants American resistors; the government seems even to be subtly recruiting them. Unlike any major country in the world, they have revised their immigration rules in the last three years to define standards previous to an application (so you know if you can make it or not) and have made these rules so that most young Americans can successfully be granted immigrant status. This response is most pointed out in the booklet *EXILE* by the Philadelphia Resistance, a group which wrote letters to twenty countries inquiring about immigration standards to American draft resisters. The most favorable responses were Canada, France and Sweden, and only Canada was able to detail a fair, impartial, and convenient immigration system. (Based upon a point system with acceptance granted on compiling 50 of 100 "assessment units" based on education skills, personal qualities, and six other factors. It takes power from the border or consulate official and lessens his possible bias.) A most amazing invitation came from the Canadian Minister of Manpower and Immigration, Allan MacEachen, in May of last year, who, speaking before the House of Commons, said that a serviceman still in the active service of his country, i.e. a deserter, would not be discriminated against when considered for landed immigrant status, a direct slap at the U.S., which of course would like to see our boys captive participants of U.S. foreign policy.

Immigration for dodgers has become commonplace and usually is as smooth and uncomplicated as one could hope, though stories abound of last minute escapes and alarms in the night. Because of the increasing number of deserter and their usually more complex problems, i.e. a lack of friends and contacts, less preparation and knowledge of Canada, less money and at

times less education than the average dodger, the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme has joined with the Toronto American Deserter Committee to shift its emphasis largely to the deserters, leaving dodger counseling to other groups, notably the Red, White, and Black.

The Canadian people seem receptive to the American resister too. Of course the government wouldn't be as friendly if the people didn't support its policy, but I've found most Canadians consciously opposed to American foreign policy; after all, they are part of it and have been imperialized for years. Canadian economies are as much decided in New York and Washington as they are in Ottawa. Canadians know it and resent it. They know and understand the draft too. It was strongly resisted in both World Wars (nobody signed up) and only a few thousand draftees were ever sent out of the country to fight in 1944. About a year ago I drove up to Toronto from Detroit and picked up two hitch-hikers in Windsor going all the way. They were working men, construction workers, and we got talking about Vietnam and the kids who'd gone north to avoid it, and the one of them said, "Man I don't like what you're doing to the schools down there, but if I was you, I'd sure be up here." I mean one shouldn't expect it from everybody. The Americanization of Canada is a fact, and intolerance is not contained within national boundaries anyway, but Canadians are in the remarkable position of being bound neighbors to an outgoing family like the United States, and they can at times be surprisingly objective as well as sympathetic.

The major industrial centers to which most new immigrants have headed are Toronto, Vancouver, and Montreal. The labor market is in worse shape than this country's (largely because of it), though jobs are available, especially in Toronto and southern Ontario. Vancouver and Montreal have been hard hit by unemployment, though prices are less and the increasing numbers of people who don't want to work anyway find the climate of British Columbia appealingly like northern California and the atmosphere and actuality of Quebec, well, even more like Quebec than you think. There is work in the skilled trades and professional fields, though the larger universities are saturated with with young ex-Americans vying for fellowships and TA openings. The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme has set up an employment service to aid dodgers and deserters in finding jobs, though I really don't know how effective their work has been in this area. As a rule a Canadian will receive lower pay than his American counterpart, which is too bad but true.

But then most resistors aren't in it for the money anyway.

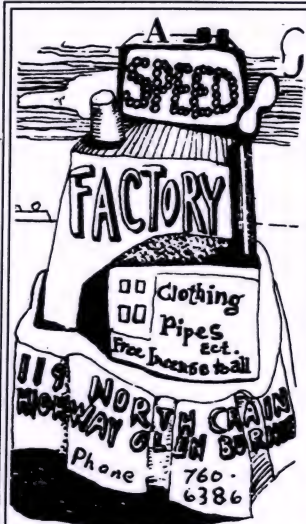
I've mentioned a little about getting into Canada, the reception and finding a job when one gets in. That's all important but let me say too, that not only me but a lot of my friends think Canada is a pretty nice place. They have adopted another country, left one in which they felt as aliens and are assimilating into a society which they feel is better than this one (there are a number of countries without drafts and with at least an understandable immigration system that are not paid the respect of 160,000 immigrants a year). The cities are interesting; they're a little cleaner than those in the states, a little safer, and people occasionally smile. Vancouver is posh but pleasurable, Toronto is staid but alive on the back streets, and Montreal is Montreal. Inbetween is a lot of nice country. A lot of nice country.

Canada is not without its social problems however. Black and white divisiveness is not as pronounced as in the states, but Canada has abused her Indian population to an extent that cannot be ignored. Events of recent months in Canada suggest that some unfinished unpleasantness remaining in the states has worked its way north. Groups from within Quebec have maintained an increasing demand for an end to discrimination against the French-Canadian state and its people, the most violently active of which is the Front de Liberation du Quebec. In response to the kidnapping of Pierre Laport and James Cross by the FLQ, the Canadian government recently invoked the War Measures Act, the most repressive abridgement of personal liberties Canada has seen since becoming a nation. The FLQ did kidnap the two men, murdered Laport, and claims responsibility for several hundred bombings over the last two years. Their suppression is warranted (need I remind you, zealous revolutionaries, that murder is disgusting murder, no matter who glorifies it), but the Act goes further to threaten the rights of innocent parties than rightfully was necessary. Its use has not been restricted to the FLQ: individuals, immigrants and natives, legal political movements, and indeed the entire French-Canadian state have been intimidated and accused of treason and threatened with arrest: hundreds of people have been jailed with near total loss of legal rights. The War Measures Act has now been suspended, but its ugly impression calls into question the political causes that made it necessary and the means invoked to enforce it.

Which leads me to my last point, that Canada is not OZ, it's just a country with a little less responsibility towards the world than this one, a country that doesn't have the opportunity to be quite as stupid, quite as mad, quite as criminal as the United

States has been. This country may be the symbol for smog, telephone book bureaucracy, greed power, and color privilege, but perhaps it should be only foremost and not alone as the target of our criticism and of our supposed revolution. I intend to live in Canada in a few years, I haven't been forced into it prematurely by the draft, though I have been prepared. It's a culture which I prefer to this one, one in which I intend to raise a family someday, have a house and perhaps a farm with a lake or a stream, all those things I used to be embarrassed about wanting. I couldn't claim to speak for any dodger or deserter as to why he split, but I don't think I dishonor anyone by asking, really, what's wrong with running away? I admit it, Canada is an escape, so what. It's an alright place that seems to want me more than this one, and I'm not ashamed of moving out of town. Besides, bloody Sam's a pig, we all know that. But I ain't just afraid of Sam, brother.

If you are interested in working in or immigrating to Canada, write for the *Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants* written by the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, Box 41, Station K, Toronto 315, Ontario, Canada. It costs \$2.00 but is an amazingly complete yet simple booklet on immigration procedures, Canadian culture, and necessary facts and advice. It is mostly all you need, except, perhaps, for a little more advice. If your problem is the draft, talk to your neighborhood draft counselors or call the American Friends Service Committee. Heading north can be a lot easier if you can go when you want.



Christmas at the Free Clinic

by Howie Evans

This Christmas, the first for the People's Free Medical Clinic in Baltimore, finds us with a lot of dreams and hopes for 1971. We want to expand the range of services offered, we plan to get out into the community more for preventive medicine and organizing work, we have continuing needs for supplies, and we want to keep fixing up and eventually buy our building. Without sounding final in what follows I want to offer some ideas about giving that seem to me to be relevant to what the clinic is all about. Maybe these ideas can leave us with greater resources to share with those alternative institutions, like the Clinic, that need help.

We are bombarded at this time of year with high pressure ads that rely on our senses of guilt and anxiety about our lives and status, and which imply that various items, whimsically priced at only \$11.99, can bring joy to others. But gifts should be free—to be used up, to be given away. A gift is warmth between two people—of them both.



"I challenge the speaker's charge that we have one health care system for the rich and another for the poor. To us, there are no poor!"

There are several things that other peoples, particularly people living in societies of scarcity, seem to know about gifts, and they say a lot in comparison to our competitive and complex ways at Christmas. The Vietnamese, for example, give things to each other at most any time, particularly the New Year. A visitor in a home may find herself the recipient of some treasured thing from that house—because she admired it or because of a sense that the thing suited the visitor's purposes, allowing the "owners" to contribute to those purposes. There is nothing so supremely valuable to a man or woman that it can't be given away.

And that would include an important cooking pot or something given you the day before. Because the gift is in the interchange and not in the object, a Vietnamese is free to give things that were given him—no relatives or friends will expect a gift to be possessed or drop by to see if it's being used or displayed prominently.

And friends don't say, "thank you!" Thank you indicates distance and there isn't any need to make those spaces. Be it a cigarette or an "expensive" thing, there's no "thank you." Maybe it's that "thank you" indicates acceptance of implied obligations in giving—the obligation to return the favor or feel indebted—why? Gifts should be free.

I wish there were space here to put recipes, and how-to-do-it instructions for bread, beads, photographs, and knitting things that men, women, and children can make for each other. Maybe with some sort of sense of revolutionary giving we can find that Christmas is not a burden of shopping and dashing and that we can match our resources more with the needs of others and with the needs of our institutions.

*And when you stop to think about it
You won't believe it's true
That all the love you've been giving
It's all been meant for you.*

—Moody Blues

The Clinic needs to be thought of a lot right now. People have been very generous with pledges and donations. A

supply of drugs has been coming in as well as occasional pieces of equipment. Below are some of the projects and needs that the Clinic has as we plan and dream.

ONE: We are in need of fixing up the basement—we need more room. We project a pharmacy, an examining room, and an eye examining room there. The cost of materials is about \$600. We have volunteers already who will do the carpentry work.

TWO: We have been given a dental chair, dental unit, light, and sterilizer which we will put in what was the kitchen on the second floor. This exciting expansion of our work would make possible both emergency dental care and, potentially, some routine care for area people, depending on the availability of volunteer dentists. Cost: about \$200 for a compressor and plumbing.

THREE: An important goal—which has to do with why we're fixing up the basement—is that we want to be able to examine people's eyes and make glasses at the Clinic. Getting eyes examined and teeth fixed are among the hardest referrals the Clinic tries to make. We need people who can give us: a minus cylinder phoropter, lensometer, chair, stand, projector & screen, retinoscope, trial glasses and trial frames, frame warmer, bevel edger, and hand tools and

cutter. We already have a volunteer optometrist who is willing to examine eyes and train community people in making the glasses. The cost per pair of glasses would be about \$2. Dig that!

FOUR: At Christmas time we are open to having people donate non-perishable food and gifts that they don't need. The Clinic can find homes for them in the community.

FIVE: There continues to be a need for funds for the Abortion Loan Fund at the Clinic. With almost the full fund of \$1050 spent with those women able to return about \$200 so far, we need further funds to continue to help women meet the sudden, high costs of abortions.

SIX: We still need a good electric typewriter. The Rouse Company is giving us a mimeograph machine.

SEVEN: Medical Supplies

EIGHT: Laboratory Supplies

NINE: Drugs

TEN: Children's Room Supplies, like drawing paper, toys, etc.

ELEVEN: Office Supplies

TWELVE: Remember that the financial success of the Clinic depends on a large group of beautiful people pledging each month some amount of money. If you're not pledging, why not start—at 25 cents to \$25 each month. Or you might give some bread to the Clinic as a present to someone else, or ask Santa or your friends to please bring you a Christmas contribution to the Clinic. . . .

Whatever you give us—be it just your love or your prayers—remember the joy that could be Christmas and that gifts should be free. We are glad to have you a part of us—doing whatever you do for the Clinic because you want to and not because you have to.

Reprinted from Free Clinic Newsletter



In One Part Harmony

by Carroll Schroeder

Army bases, mental hospitals, and schools all look the same on the inside. Pastels. Everything is painted in pastels: bilious blue, putrid pink, godawful green. Even the people are washed-out pastel people. Just doing their jobs: running about, stamping this, signing that, filing this over there, smiling molded-on humanoid smiles. All very official, very orderly. Just doing their jobs. It's as Amerikan as Milk of Magnesia and it's just as likely to make you gag.

This great revelation descended upon me the other day while I was refusing induction at Fort Holabird. Strange the things that run through your mind when you're in the process of becoming an officially recognized, certified criminal. An enemy of the State (pretty impressive—"more militant than thou", etc., etc.). I started to get a taste of it (the revelation) as soon as I walked into my draft board. 7:30 a.m., I am on time—exactly! Very predictable, no

trouble here. Letter said, "Be at Customs House at 7:30 a.m." I kicked myself. Asshole, that's just what they want. They? They: those little grey ladies who sit behind medium-sized grey desks standing guard over rows and rows of grey filing cabinets—all presently being ignored by those little grey ladies as they sip their first cups of morning grey coffee. And one of them hands me a neatly typed envelope, a bus token, and asks, "You know where Fort Holabird is, don't you?"

"Oh yeah. You do know what's in this envelope, don't you?"

"No, it's not my board."

"Oh."

A pastel green bus takes me to Holabird. I am supposed to see Spec. 5 Hindle. I do. He has a grey desk in a pastel green waiting room which is partitioned off from the rest of the pastel green room and the other grey desks. Clever.

Spec. 5 Hindle takes my sealed envelope, officiously opens it, reads the contents, and asks, "Are you Mr. Schroeder?"

"Who me? Oh no. Schroeder couldn't make it today so I just came by to drop off this letter. (Pause—comic timing) Yes, I am Mr. Schroeder."

"OK, Mr. Schroeder, just have a seat please." Hindle is not amused. He is not smiling. He is pleasant.

So is the girl he sends me to when he discovers that I am not going to sign anything or fill anything out. She has teased hair and a mini-skirt and a lot of sergeants salivate when she gets close to them. She also has a grey desk and she types a lot.

"Mr. Schroeder, would you accept induction?"

"No."

"Oh, would you submit to fingerprinting?"

"No."

"I didn't think so." (smile)

"Is this putting you to a lot of trouble?"

"Is what putting me to a lot of trouble?"

"My refusing induction."

"Oh no. You know, it's just a job."

I return to Hindle. Hindle is pleasant: no trouble, no problem. I am to wait. I sit down. "Man, is he pissed at you." It is the guy sitting next to me. He is suddenly alive.

"Who."

"Hindle, man. He said, 'That sonofabitch. He knows he's fucking everything up. He knows how much work this is going to cost me.' He's really pissed off at you, man."

Suddenly it all fell into place. It was like Ellul said in *The Technological Society*, plasticulture's ends have become divorced from its means. I wasn't dealing with evil people, I was dealing with an evil system. An evil thought/feeling process that dictated that the Draft Board lady, Hindle, the girl with the mini-skirt all had jobs to do and those jobs concerned making sure certain papers were signed, stamped, and filed according to the rules. It dictated that they be pleasant (not happy), because when things are pleasant they function more efficiently.

But I wasn't playing by the rules. I was fucking up their procedure, their routine, maybe even their filing system.

They have become cogs in the machine that constantly feeds lives to a ravagingly hungry war. But they have no concept of this. They have no realization of the fact that their filing, stamping, and signing kills somebody every day. They are the death machine and they don't know it. Each has his/her universe defined by his/her job. Beyond that, they are totally ignorant of the consequences of their acts.

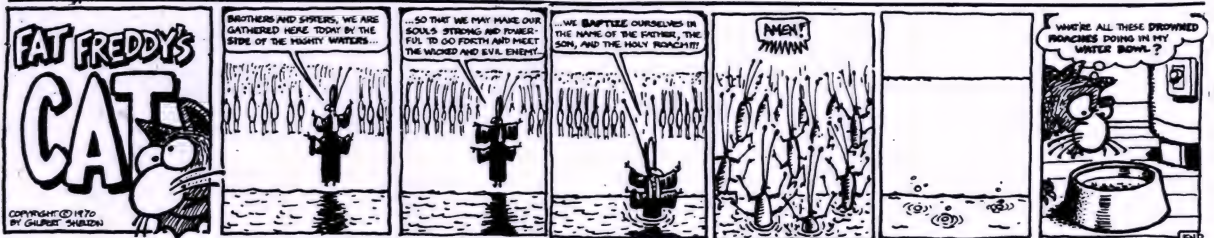
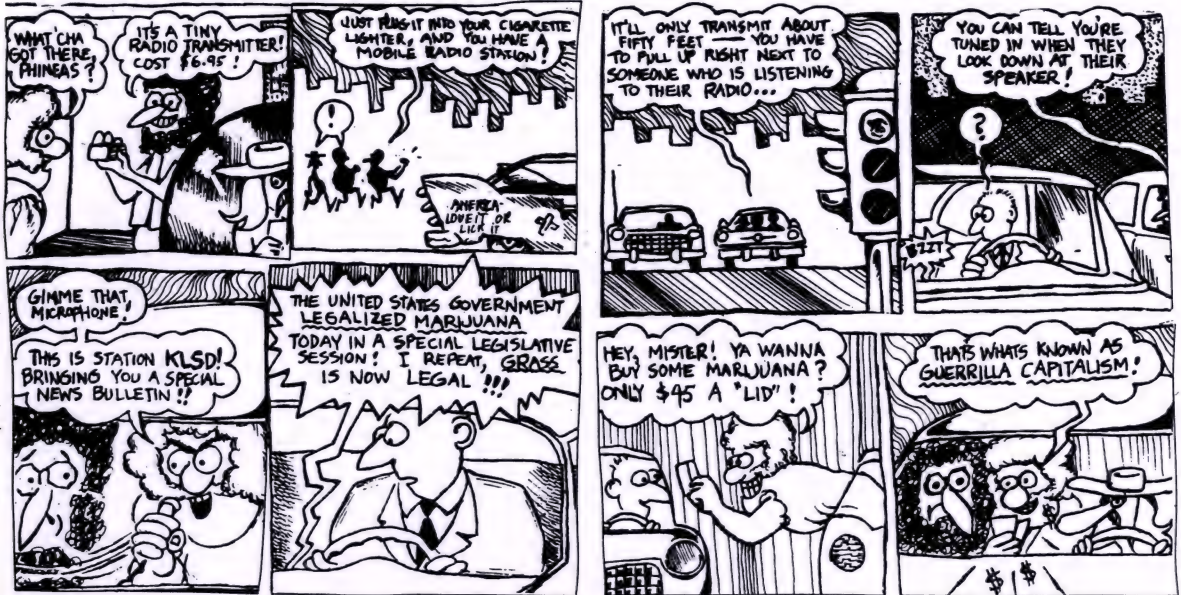
The system has dehumanized not only those it enslaves by law, but those that function to enable that enslavement. Anyone whose reality is defined by that system becomes a grey desk, a pastel green wall, a cog, a grey person, a humanoid, they can't help it. That is the trap of Amerika.

So I kick myself again. Why didn't I tell Hindle, or the lady, or the girl? Why didn't I say, "Don't you know that every time you file some kid into the army you kill him and yourself and every man, woman and child who still believes the myth of Amerika?"

Don't you realize that? Hey, man, are you listening?

I guess not.

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CULTVRE



by Bob Knight

I've got to tell you about this movie. It's called *Where's Poppa*, and it is due to open at the Charles Theatre Christmas day. It is a Karl Reiner special, and it could be the most talked about movie of the year. This man Reiner is truly a divine man. We are so much richer for him. *Poppa* is a tragi-comedy of the highest order.

The principals are George Segal and Ruth Gordon. Ruth plays an aging mother who has cramped her son's life via longevity. Gordon (Segal) is at his wit's end with her. He can't bring himself to put her in a home. His inability to act in most other situations compounds his plight. He sees her as a paralytic agent in his professional (lawyer) and social (bumbler) life. Mrs. Gordon plays the part of the mother with a curious flair. She isn't paraplegic or invalid, she's simply too independent for a scatter-brain. She drives away every nurse or caretaker he hires for her.

The first third of the movie deals with delineating Gordon Hocheiser's problem. The action is somewhat slow, but every scene is artful and necessary to best reveal the type of indecision that plagues him. In the opening scene, after his shower, he tries to scare her to death in an ape costume. But she's fiesty, and manages to floor her tormentor with a hard shot to the balls. Reiner's method seems to be to *show*. There is very little dialogue by Segal in terms of effect, explanation, or revelation. The articulate camera in this film is more than adequate. Gordon's interview with the catalyst of the plot—Louise Calian, played by Trish Van Devere illustrates best the leaden loneliness in his life. He



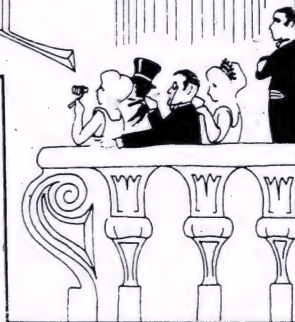
KOSHER HAM

falls in love with her, as they say, on first sight. She can be best described as a demure Florence Nightingale. The courtroom scene best illustrates his inability to handle stress situations. The language here is heavy, refreshingly honest, real and funny.

Filmic tension forms as mother resents the new arrival. Poor Gordon is so struck by first love he hardly pays attention to mother after the compulsory introduction. The introduction serves to show us three things: how important Louise is to him; how uncomprehending mother is; his quiet desperation. The introduction goes something like this. "Mother, Mother I want you to meet someone. She's not like the others. She's not quite like anyone. Mother, I think I love her, and you will too. And Mother if you mess this up for me (sotto voice now) I'll punch your fuckin' heart out." Of course she manages to spoil it by laying her head in the potatoes and running out of the apartment. He rounds her up,

but on his return he finds Louise has fled. His despair is epic. He calls his brother, who lives across The Park—Central Park. Enter Sydney Hocheiser and wife played by Ron Leibman and Rae Allan.

The second third of the movie depends as much upon the verbal funny as the situation funny. Sidney, over his wife's great objections, hustles across the park on foot. He has been mugged so often by the same group of cats that they've on friendly terms. Some of the repartee is insanely funny. First they take his clothes. On the way back in the ape-suit they heckle. Louise comes back to the apartment and Gordon calls Sydney to take care of Mother. Gordon never makes it as the boys in the park engage in a little friendly rape. Sidney is forced to go first, of course the unfortunate is a cop in drag. Meanwhile back at the apartment Louise has returned to try again. Mother wins again. The knockout blow comes when she pulls down his pants and begins



bussing his tush—ass to Gentiles.

The third third of the movie slows again as Gordon tries to re-adjust to a life without Louise. In another great courtroom scene, she comes to tell him she's going back home. She can't compete with Mother. We had a beautiful thing. boo hoo, etc. Gordon takes heart and makes the decision. Sidney is sent a dozen long-stem roses with a card thanking him for the most exciting night of my life. It's signed by the arresting officer. Sid's a free man, and Gordon's a free man.



The theme of disposing of one's mother will prod everyone one way or another. It is supposed the idea drifts across everyone's mind sooner or later—the later the better of course. There is the possibility that one doesn't have a mother, or that one doesn't plan on getting old. Anyway Reiner has got one hell of an opportunity for the best cathartic effect possible. The best in American films seems to have come a long way. So nice.

SLOW MOTION

by William Bland

TIME NOW by Wallace Hamilton, currently being produced and shown at the Corner Theater (Cafe).

Every once in a while, you run across an object or event about which you can make an absolute statement, according to your to your unqualified feelings on the subject at hand. And I will now make one about Wallace Hamilton's play *Time Now*. It is, without a doubt, the worst play I've ever seen or heard of. It is pornography of the mind. It has no redeeming values whatever, and it's so bad that even in the most absurd atmospheres it would qualify an absolute zero. Furthermore, the characters are so badly written that the play makes the actors at Corner Theatre look like rejects from a Christmas Pageant. That, however, is no excuse for some of the atrocious acting that went on. I did something that I've never been able to do before last Saturday night.... I walked out at intermission. But unless Mr. Hamilton had a holy vision to guide him through the second act, there is absolutely no hope that the second part of the play



could have redeemed in any way the atrocities that went on in the first hour or so.

There is currently a possibility that the production will run two more weeks on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at nine, but for the sake of everyone concerned let's hope it snows, or perhaps there will be a typhoon.... anything to prevent this monument of theatrical slaughter from invading the atmosphere of the city one more time.

Some of you may think that I have no vision for the theater, no patience with theatrical experimenters. On the

contrary, it's because the play is in no way what an experimental theater should be that I object. Surely somewhere in this city, perhaps hidden in a filthy basement biding his time, there lurks a Beckett or Pinter waiting to be freed from his (or her) non-performance. For God's (and our) sake, let him now come out before it's too late. Before the ravages of the likes of Wallace Hamilton kill the art of the theater altogether. Prospective playwrights are urged to send their manuscripts to Corner Theatre before it's too late.

To prove that I'm not being merely fanatical, I've chosen a passage at random that I believe will illustrate my point about the quality of the writing.

"No, I mean it. I'm sorry. I would like to like you. I would like you to like me. I would like her to like me. But she likes him. I would like everybody to like me, and like everybody. And I talk. And I talk to people and tell them things and hope they will tell me things. Because I

continued on page four

by David Harris, Sideral Press
N.Y., 1970, \$4.95

Because I know David and am myself a convicted draft resister and a believer whose politics are close to David's, I'm prone to be super-critical of his work and yet also to gloss over his failings. After juggling these two tendencies awhile I've firmly concluded that the book falls far short of its author.

David was pushing to finish *Goliath* (the book as well as the system dealt within the book) before his departure for the "inside." Perhaps many of the defects of the work resulted from being in a hurry. However, they scar the finished product none the less for this excuse, and it may be no more than a prejudice on my part to think the book is worth reading at all. But here and there David is to be found in *Goliath*, refusing to be print on a page and striking fire.

The organization of the book is weird and unsuccessful on the whole. It consists of fictionalized sociodrama vignettes draped here and there around the exposition of a tight and coherent social philosophy. And while this philosophy, David's analysis of his society, is anything but totally original, it's none the less unique because it is lived instead of merely believed. This linkage of belief to action is discernable, though I think rather faintly so, in *Goliath's* lacings of autobiography. The odd admixture of writing approaches is a major drawback, but there are substantive as well as organizational faults. Sometimes the writing is intense and penetrating, but more often it's dull, didactic, or, in some of the vignettes, just corn.

Goliath's good side, David's well-aimed sling, is in the dynamic of the essays, which ride the causal and ethical currents of analysis that undergird David's life. These he shares well in *Goliath*, though even here he falls far short of what he can accomplish face to face, confronted with real people rather than with unknown readers.

Much of what is done in these essays has the character of societal autopsy. David is far more clinical and sterile—in his writing than he is in his living.

David's basic conclusion or theme is that the state has strangled the selfhood and the solidarity of its subjects, we who occupy "its" territory and by our daily actions surrender to it.

The first few analytic chapters are rather awkward, heavy ontological undergirdings that are sometimes awful portentous ("In the beginning there is man.")

Soon enough, though, there is a point of clear departure, and what emerges gradually is a detailed, sometimes inspired examination of the mechanisms that effect man's near-total enslavement by the modern state. Implicitly David is in the tradition of the social contract thinkers, especially those anarchists and others who conceived of an ongoing (rather than an original) contract Tenegotiated each minute of each day.

So one thesis is that the state of the nation is the state of our heads, because "when we want something, America is among the ways we have chosen to get it." Because we have surrendered the definition of reality to the state-system, we are "subjects of reality rather than its source. Strangers in a strange land" which, despite its foreignness, was built by us upon our own backs.

When we "do America," in David's terms, we allow ourselves to be defined, pinned down in the roles and paths dictated by the collective psychosis of statism. The vehicle of this psychosis is seen as an established mythology that surrounds most Americans' lives and spellbinds them.

The basic myths are enumerated. Power is first: "Its procession through society is implicitly participatory." And the self too is bifurcated into oppressor and oppressed as is the society, so that, "In the politics of this (power) myth, sanity is simply the quantitative range of conflict in which the person is still functional for the purposes of the state."

The next myth is that of property (chapter 15). From this point on there are flashes now and then of clear



GOLIATH

light that dispel the bleakness of the earlier chapters.

The mentality of property is the psychic mainstay of the statist system; David looks for the roots of that mentality: "Instead of resources being the meeting of needs, in *Goliath* ownership is an extension of control. When it is considered property, a plot of land is not according to who might need it and might make use of it, it is according to who owns it...need itself becomes simply another resource to be controlled in the exercise of power...The state is made the intermediary between men and their survival...Property makes suffering a marketable product."

Ownership is "existence by exclusion. We are something by virtue of the fact that what we are is unavailable to anyone else; we are others are not. The world that might be mutual affirmation is mutual denial.

form in social organization. As it pursues its own existence, the American societal disease may be. Much of *Goliath's* analysis of the American system, of David's rejection of that system, is inherited radical tradition (something that David does not acknowledge in the book). Though he often is able to say it with great force and, I think, effectiveness, the largest part of what he says has been said before. Not infrequently it's been better said, and I wish much more room had been devoted to the new America, the revolutionary culture that is emerging in the midst of the dying state.

David points to three kinds of life-alternatives, three "overlapping efforts" to resign nationality in favor of selfhood. The first response is personal, individual: "At present the lives America encloses are its property...exercising a new how of living is the reclaiming of those lives.



"If we accept America, we accept property. If we accept property we accept competition. Accepting competition, the only available behavior is isolation and greed...In America competition is the context for the contact of lives. It makes mutual destruction the common, accepted and valued behavior between men. Suffering is its legitimate and natural expression. If all of us have equal right to exist, property obviously does not."

After property, the next myth is enemy: "America comprehends by choosing sides" (as per our movies, our TV, our "news").

Next in *Goliath* is David's trial and his thoughts at the prospect of imprisonment. "Tomorrow I will go on trial...I don't feel like I'm leaving America so much as just getting in a little deeper." His Judge: "Without statute men have only themselves, and having oneself is to Judge Carter synonymous with doom and chaos...he is the arbiter between men and the society by which man is ruled."

The whole analysis of statist politics and psychology concludes around this state logically concludes in our absence from the face of the earth...The only response to (this) America I can imagine is life itself."

In one of the final chapters David turns to alternatives to the present social order. I hope he'll do another book (called *David*?) that deals in the varieties of sane and truth-based responses to the Goliath-world. In this single chapter he can only sketch a start, although he seems to recognize that alternatives are the key to change no matter how incisive one's analysis of thought: "We have been superceded by the state, (which is) death brought to

Lives are reclaimed in developing and acting out their own terms...

"Within the functioning of the state, lives are permeated with hiding and secrecy, with boundaries and strict divisions into public and private existences. That simply means that we never know or reveal who or what we are to each other. We don't ever wholly experience others. We experience them as a function of the state. Commonality is impossible in that situation...The open act of reclamation of lives as a politics is not the claim to a separate and private life...It is an act of sharing, not isolation...If we seek a reality with our politics, then it is possible only if that reality is practiced as well as spoken of, (and) a politics defined by its negation is never free of that negation...Life...is more than a path leading to an object...Its values and processes are not postponements to a point in future time. They are now...In making life, we must do our future in our present."

And from this individual starting point of living now in the pursuit, rather than in the postponement of truth, David bridges from "I" to "we"...cooperative, voluntary communities as social units that undermine the dominance of the state. This idea is only sketchily developed, treated too abstractly in a vague examination of fraternity as "a process of sharing. Sharing is the community's availability to itself...Sharing decisions is approaching them as a common body...The model for that arrangement is not voting, but consensus—a decision is made when it can be commonly accepted and engaged in..."

"The community is the demonstration working model (of

life—politics)...It is a base from which we engage ourselves in the construction of larger realities...The community is inclusive..."

The third arena in which life-alternatives emerge for David is conflict with the state, not conceived as the development of parallel institutions, as in Marxist practice, but as a process of undermining and supplanting the state by the transfer of energy from it to the new, the new in the quality of human nature and human intercourse. Conflict of this sort with the state "is not a conflict within an existing order, it is a conflict between two realities... (If a new politics) adopts the state's power in order to wage a struggle, it ceases to be a new politics. The real struggle is not to seize power, but to transform it.

For David the victory of life politics—begun in the lives of individuals who opt for a selfhood that is free of the state's categories, and consolidated in the experience of community—is revolution, which happens as follows: "Both the state and the new politics need to be participated in if they are to exist, and they can't be participated in at the same time... (When people opt for) a new reality (they) deny the state the lives it feeds off of. This process continues until the orders of the state are ignored and it splits apart like the shell of an egg, exposing a new reality...Where the conflict is engaged in, it takes the forms of non-cooperation, occupation, boycott, strike, and organized disobedience. We organize the conflict as an experience. At each point of it, we come forward with an alternative reality to that of the police, the bankers, the functionaries, the frightened and the lonely."

Goliath gives some idea of David and of what motivates him. It left me with the uneasy feeling that he remains impaled on his negation of the old order, unable or unready to delineate alternatives to the state except in terms of what they are not, and thus ironically still defined by the reality-generators of the society he so eloquently abhors.

In this light *Goliath*, for me, fails fundamentally in its purposes. I crave no dictation of the specific shape of revolution from him or from anyone, but what I do keenly miss is a practicality, a recognition of the day to day, down home struggle that is going on in America to create alternatives of the kind David invokes but doesn't really deal with, new values that must embody much more than a craving for what the state is not. This is the hard part of revolution, the selection of goals and strategy. *Goliath* skirts it, leaving the extremely pregnant and painfully complex questions of how to approach the choices that must be made among the things the state is not, largely unexamined.

David's book may fail, but of course that failure does not circumscribe David. Lives, not books, make revolutions. For me *Goliath* was well worth reading because here and there it invokes, if faintly, its author's flesh and blood reality, the life of one love-possessed subversive who's damn good at his work.

by H. Lawrence Lack

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RECORD REVIEWS

HEAD FOOD

THE JOY OF COOKING

by William Bland

It should be evident by now that there is a large segment of the people that never have and never will be touched by any of the sounds around them. They are totally without the capacity to be influenced by or to love sound (music) as part of their natural environment. These are the people we must fight and we have fought already in the streets here and in the rest of the country as well.

"And what does this have to do with this music?"

It's entirely possible to take the music of change and pervert it into the Establishment philosophy. Just look at the Montavani arrangements of the Beatle songs or the popularization of certain groups by the use of the mass media. (Can we ever forget Paul Revere and the Raiders on the Ed Sullivan show?) It's with this in mind that I wrote the first paragraph. For it would be easy to take the music from this new

album, *Joy of Cooking* and make elevator music out of it. The tunes are relatively simple, the harmonies fit nicely into the background, and the rhythm is never very obtrusive. So why should anyone bother to listen to the new group?

First because this is a group that obviously enjoys the music they're making, and that feeling comes across. Second, their songs have a quality that's hard to define exactly, but that make you listen in a nice easy sort of way, not at all like the jolting of Dylan, for example. And the sound is distinctly theirs, even though you swear that you can hear someone else in nearly all their songs. It's the kind of eclectic writing that is in no way offensive (unlike the *Superstar* album that was reviewed two issues ago). Here the feeling is relaxed. Those people who are looking for sensational new albums will not enjoy this one, but people who are into good music making for the pure sake of the music, and not of the trip involved, will really like just the sound involved. That's what the album's about.

LETTERS *continued from page two*

a newspaper effectively representing the views of all the people. The newspaper must be given strength and help from everyone if it is going to be a non-profit organization for the people.

There are some who would want to put HARRY out of business, mostly because they are not telling their story. What about the straight papers in Baltimore, has anyone mentioned putting them out of business? Maybe if people spent more time helping HARRY and more time changing the *Sun* and the *News American* we'd be getting somewhere. For some reason everyone is against everyone else and the sad part about that is that they're all good people trying to make this a better free place to live. Come together and be strong in unity. Maybe the roads are different on which we travel but they are all heading in the same direction, unless our own people throw up the roadblocks. I've felt great progress in the last few months and it seems that more and more should be happening for the advancement of everyone. Money isn't the answer, there isn't any money. We have got to help each other or we'll be destroyed. The capitalist society is going to be destroyed by its own fuck-ups. If we join with them in the havoc and depression/repression that's where we are. Be above all that, people. Come together.

Power to the People!

Stephanie Chelgren

Dear HARRY,

A moment ago I finished reading Mel Block's letter in your December 4, 1970 issue about the Read Street Festival.

Mel, the flowers haven't gone anywhere. Some are still growing and haven't bloomed yet. Don't worry, be disillusioned or let down. As far as Read Street, I've read from shit about it to beautiful writings, including poems.

When I first went to Read Street I was stoned. I walked around for a while

and met some beautiful freaks, then met an old freak friend.

Happiness, excitement and love was there. If you didn't find it or see it maybe you weren't looking in the right place. How about looking within and then outward.

This isn't meant as any lecture or fucking around.

If you want it, make it yourself. There were happy, smiling freaks and otherwise there, dancing and flying high.

Please! Don't expect others to make you happy or feel good. If you're happy—you're beautiful. Others will see it. They'll feel like part of you—Happy (I know I would.)

Jane

Dear You (with respect to the "Read Street Freaks")

It seems as though the word "fuck" has been thrown out of its proper place. After all it is a slang term as "ball" is, for something beautiful, which probably doesn't come to mind in the phrase "fuck you" or to describe how something was. Many people today say how beautiful love through sex is and defeat their own ideas when they use "fuck" in an otherwise sense. If "fuck" is used so often to be offensive, the beautiful sense is just never going to come across.

Sincerely,

Kathy Linden

P.S. Damn is a perfectly good word designed for those other purposes.



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EAT IT

by Grace Plowshare and friends
This is about food. It's written by me and added to by the friends I live with. If you are ready to dig it, some of this information may be useful to you. If you aren't ready to change your way of eating, or of doing anything for that matter, you aren't going to. If that's clear, we can go on.

I've talked to a lot of people lately who figure they are spending too much money at the supermarket and who are bored by cooking/shopping/eating. Well, the ten of us who have been living together for well over a year have made some progress in that time toward licking both problems, and the whole food thing around here is mainly on the joy side. We live simply and inexpensively, not only because we have to, but because we want to. For us this has meant in part that the supermarket is no longer the sole hunting and fishing grounds, truck garden and general mecca it was once for us city-bound folk. Maybe we have something to share.

Our food budget includes stuff like soap, toilet paper and cat food. (We have 4 cats.) Still, we pay only about 70 to 75 cents a day per person. It really could be less even though we have many guests and most of us eat 2 meals a day here. We find that we spend less on food by shopping once a week rather than in dribbles. Shopping isn't hard because there are only minor variations in what we get each week. We buy practically no meat, bread, prepared or frozen foods. We seldom spend more than \$30.00 a week at the supermarket. At one time when there were two less people living here, we used to spend well over \$40.

Meat is a huge item on The People's grocery bill. This is mainly why we don't buy it, but it probably wouldn't have evolved this way with us except that when we first came together the most experienced and enthusiastic cooks were the few vegetarians among us. The rest of us men and women went along happily and without feeling deprived and have learned to be pretty good vegetarian cooks in our own right.

I'll say only this about vegetarianism. When and if you are ever ready, you'll stop eating meat. I was ready 2 years ago—just figured meat was no longer good for my purposes—my body or my head. I'm not often guilty of evangelizing about vegetarianism, but I am sort of a food fascist, pushing green, leafy vegetables on my hamburger-and-coke bound friends. That's tapering off. Reading about an Indian holy man twice my age helped. He eats practically nothing but potatoes and is healthier than a horse. Matter of fact, holy men have a lot in common with babies. It's been shown that babies put in a room full of food will eat what they need. The innate "body wisdom" of babies and holy men is unpolluted by advertising, food fascists, and half-baked hard-boiled notions about "good nutrition." We must become "as little children."

Anyway, we buy staples in quantity whenever we can, and we are willing to spend a little more or drive a little

farther for whole or pure foods. We get things like flour, rice, peanut butter, seeds, nuts, dried beans, etc. in quantity. During the growing season we go to Perry Hall for organically grown vegetables.

If you are ready to move away from chemicals and denatured foods, here are a few tools. Each, plus your own interest, will lead you to more:

Sunshine Food Co-op at Savitria, 2405 Ruscombe Lane, Baltimore, 664-5442. They offer most of the foods I talk about in this article. Their purpose is to supply organic foods "as inexpensively as possible." You buy in quantity by placing your order and paying your money between 5 and 7 p.m. on Saturdays and picking it up the following Saturday. There is a \$5.00 co-op membership fee.

The Guide to Organic Foods Shopping and Organic Living, a paperback for \$1, is a good resource. If you can't find it easily, order from Rodale Press, Inc., Emmaus, Pa. 18049.

plant some vegetables, Jeanie Darlington's paperback, *Grow Your Own*, is a delightful and very simple beginning guide to organic gardening. You can order it from her for \$1.75 at Box 222, Miranda, California 95555. Get it now, as there is stuff you can be doing even in the winter to prepare for your garden.

If you aren't buying much meat because it's expensive and you are tired of spaghetti and beans, you might try some new things. (If all you really love is meat and potatoes, you can stop reading.) You might try cooking vegetables—even vegetables you don't like in new ways. In you have done a lot of restaurant, institutional or just plain down-home U.S.A. eating, chances are you don't get turned on by vegetables much. That's probably because all the goodness has been boiled out of them. (If you must boil vegetables, boil them in a little water for a shorter time and save the water for soup.) Some people don't believe in cooking vegetables at

glop, extras can be put on the table such as cottage cheese, fruit, salad, roasted peanuts, raisins, or none of these, or all of these—depending on how the Spirit moves and informs the cook.

If you'd like to try to make a glop, and have never cooked this way, don't be uptight. There just isn't any recipe or any way the stuff is "supposed" to taste. Besides, if you are uptight about anything while you're cooking, what you cook won't taste good to you or be good for you either. So, relax and enjoy the whole scene.

In telling you how to make glop my fascism comes out because I really dig onions. If you don't like them much, you don't have to mess with them, but I'd rather eat my glop than yours if you leave them out. Anyway, first put a couple of tablespoons of oil in a pan. Then thinly slice or chop an onion or two. Put them in hot oil and saute occasionally until they are slightly browned. (This way, the onion flavor will not predominate, but become nicely diffused in all the other ingredients.) You can also add garlic to the onions. While they are cooking you can chop up the other vegetables you



Write to Walnut Acres, Peans Creek, Pa. 17862, for their catalogue.

The Natural Foods Cookbook by Beatrice Trum Hunter (Pyramid, 95 cents) has recipes plus resources.

Tested Recipes from El Molino Kitchens, \$1 from El Molino, 3060 W. Valley Blvd., Alhambra, Calif. 91803, tells you how to do all kinds of stuff with grains, flour and soybeans.

If you have access to a piece of earth—even a small one—where you can

all. Around here, we cook them slightly, but not until they've lost their crunch. We seldom boil vegetables, preferring to stir-fry them in a pan with just enough oil to keep them from sticking. With cabbage, for example, which is cheap and available fresh most of the year, we like to shred it, stir-fry it and season it with soy sauce. (We prefer Chico San Tamari soy sauce for cooking.) You can also shred cabbage and add it to soups and salads.

Beets are good shredded and stir-fried, too. You can skip the soy sauce with them.

At our house, the major staple is brown rice. Brown rice is to white rice what unbleached flour is to bleached flour. It is inexpensive when bought in quantity and triples in bulk when you cook it. It takes 45 minutes to cook. You cook it one part rice to 2 parts water by bringing to a boil with some salt, then simmering covered until done. It will be done when the water's gone and it begins to stick to the pot. Don't stir or poke at the rice while it's cooking. Four cups of uncooked rice is more than adequate to feed 10 of us and there is usually some left over which gets used for people's breakfasts and lunches.

Most people find a satisfying meal is one that balances several sets of opposites—salty/bland, sweet/sour, crunchy/chewy, etc. So, along with the rice we usually have glop (our household word for a predominantly vegetable dish stir-fried in a pan.) Glop has endless variations. Just about anything can go into it. If the balance I mentioned above isn't achieved by the

are going to use. Any kind will do. As you chop them admire them. They are beautiful, aren't they? There are rules for cutting up vegetables. But you do it your way. I usually cut the tougher vegetables into smaller pieces, the tender ones into larger bite-size pieces. Add the tougher ones first, stirfrying, adding more oil as necessary to keep from sticking. Things like green peppers go in last. Remember, you want the vegetables to cook long enough so that there is a blending of flavors, but you want them to maintain their crunch. Don't cook any longer than 5 or 6 minutes. Then you can season with whatever you like. Then you can season with whatever you like. We season with Tamari soy sauce a lot. Sometimes we add a can of soup (mushroom, celery or black bean are good for this), plus a little mustard and some shredded cheese. You can also sprinkle some beef, chicken or vegetable broth mix over your vegetables, add a little water and simmer for a few minutes, then salt, pepper and spices or herbs to taste.

You can put just about any kind of left-overs in your glop. You can also add nuts or seeds, raisins, wheat germ, soybean granules (but watch out, they swell)—these things make the dish heartier.

To vary the flavor and texture of your brown rice, you can cook in vegetable or meat broth instead of water. You might also cook it with nuts, seeds, bulgur (also spelled bulghur) wheat, buckwheat, etc.—or, in the absence of these, something like Wheatena.



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Most of us put no more than 45 minutes into fixing the evening meal for 10 or however many there are. Fortunately, most of us really love to cook, and somehow, the cooking gets done without a "schedule." (Other commutes may find they need a schedule, at least at the beginning.) We are quite satisfied with the way sharing continues to evolve at our house around the whole food thing, not the least of these things is sharing the evening meal together and often with friends. This happens every night and is an important part of our life together.

A good nutritious food to get acquainted with is the soy bean. You don't find dried soy beans in supermarkets much—yet—but even in health food stores they are cheap. Soy beans have been called "the meat that grows on trees," because they contain so much protein. Chances are you weren't fed soy beans as a child because your parents got their fill of them during WW II. Some people are willing to eat boiled soy beans plain with butter, salt and pepper. Others find their taste a bit ho-hum. Doing them up

with tomatoes, celery, onions and peppers is a good thing. You can also add them to glops, soups and casseroles. You can roast them like peanuts and mash them to make sandwich spreads or "meatballs." The other night we created some of these with about 3 cups of ground (cooked) soy beans, a cup of bulgur wheat (cooked for about 15 minutes in 2 cups vegetable broth), a handful of sesame seeds, two eggs, a couple of onions and a pepper finely chopped, seasoned with soy sauce and other spices. We formed them into small patties and fried them in oil. They were nutty, crunchy, and good. The good,



nutty people around here named them "vulgarburgers."

We are getting more and more into soy beans and their possibilities. We soak them overnight, then cook them for an hour or so in the same water and store them in the refrigerator for people to use in their cooking. (Don't throw away the water. Save it for soup.) Like brown rice, soy beans triple in bulk. You'll find a lot of soy bean recipes in *The Natural Foods Cookbook* and the El Molino cookbook, and, soon, in your head.

I might as well wind this all up with soup. Actually, a lot of stuff that winds up in the garbage can be used for soup. Canned soups are handy sometimes, but if you can get into the soup-making habit, you'll find it's cheap, easy, and good.

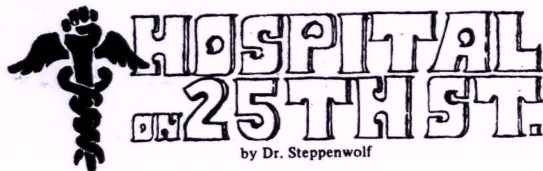
Don't ever throw away meat scraps or bones without making soup, and don't throw away the tops of anything—carrots, beets, turnips, (but I hate turnips! yeah, yeah, yeah). Basically, all you do to make soup is put whatever you have (chopped or shredded) in a large pot. (Don't forget

the onions.) Slightly more than cover with water, cover and bring to a boil, then simmer for several hours. After the first hour, remove the cover and taste. If too watery, leave the cover off. Soup is done when it tastes good to you. If it's just vegetables in your soup, you may want to add some powdered broth (vegetable, beef or chicken).

The other day when a couple of us got back from the vegetable farm, we made some soup primarily out of chopped celery and carrot tops. We found a fistful of spinach and 3 stray beets forgotten in the refrigerator, shredded and added these along with a couple of shredded turnips, a couple of chopped onions, a handful of lentils, a sprinkling of powdered vegetable broth, salt and pepper. It was good. It would have been good in a different way with other kinds of leftovers or the addition of garlic, herbs and other stuff. No two soups are quite the same. (Yield to cooking without recipes and you'll have more fun. There is no man or woman alive who can't cook.)

There's a whole lot more to say about what we are learning to enjoy about cooking/shopping/eating, but this is enough for a starter—except maybe sprouts. You can buy canned bean sprouts or you can buy fresh one at Chinese grocery stores. You can sprout your own (bean and other) seeds. In the deep mid-winter when you can't buy fresh vegetables except at high prices, you can sprout your own. *The Natural Foods Cookbook* and El Molino tell you how. You can eat sprouts any way—in salads, soups, glops, casseroles or sandwiches. They are fresh, crunchy, and good for you.

If all this has sprouted something in your head, have fun. It's all right there in your head anyway.



Most people who read this are already in favor of legalising pot but have had little contact with the Indian Hemp Commission report at the turn of the century, when grass was legal in India.

The report discussed the dangers to society if marijuana were to be outlawed. How's that for a new twist? A seventy-five year old scientific and legal document saying it would be harmful to one of the largest societies in the world if grass were outlawed!

We all know that marijuana for most people in moderate doses is not harmful. Numerous scientific studies testify to this. A recent symposium at UCLA concluded that, "Marijuana is unusually safe (as compared to alcohol and barbiturates)." Yet our thick-headed, cement-brained legislators continue to rant and rave about the "drug problem," while they further rot their brains out sipping scotch. Why don't they read the Hemp Commission report, now locked up in the Library of Congress?

The Commission issued it in 1894 after being organized because of a growing anxiety over the mental effects of long term usage and the connection with crime. Sound familiar? Well, wait until you hear the rest.

It had been a common belief that marijuana produced insanity. The Commission found that hospital records that supported this view were notoriously inaccurate. Often when no other cause for the insanity could be found and the patient was a user of hemp drugs (as was most of Indian society), this was put down as the cause. Examination of the symptoms in the cases of insanity supposedly associated with pot and comparison with other patients who did not use drugs showed no difference. Their careful and

exhaustive study further concluded that there was absolutely no relation between marijuana and crime, and that moderate use produced no moral injury. Even with extensive use the commission concluded that it may lead to loss of self-respect, moral weakness, and occasionally to dishonest practices associated with degrading poverty, but rarely to violent crime. They of course could not foresee the automobile and alcohol causing 50% of death from accidents, but they warned that if marijuana were made illegal, a substantial number of the users could be expected to turn to considerably more harmful agents. Alcohol was one of these agents mentioned by the Commission. They also, even then (as the National Institute of Mental Health says now) stated emphatically that there was no evidence that marijuana use was a stepping stone to opiates.

The best statement in their report is their conclusion about law enforcement if marijuana use were made a crime:

"Since there is no victim to complain about this type of offense, the police will necessarily have to proceed by using informers and invading the citizen's privacy to get evidence."

In addition to considering the resentment among the citizenry which the methods to enforce such a law would necessarily produce, they worried about the disaffection that would be caused by any law that turned sizable numbers of the population into criminals, whether or not they were apprehended.

No the statements above did not come from an underground paper. They came from a scientific and legislative body appointed by the government of India. But that was 1894 and India, and this is modern America in 1970. How's that again about the generation gap and the disaffection of youth?

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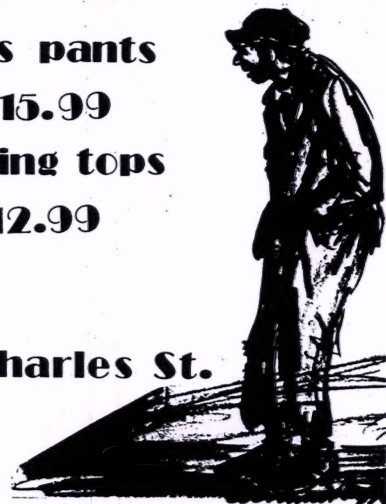
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Electric Organ, Telestar 61, octave bass, list \$900. Like new, best offer, Harv 825-1919.

Scorpio into astrology and the occult seeking girl with similar interest for experiment. 23, TSC student. Call 467-7316 evenings. Ask for Don.

Need a photographer? Call Sam 747-1499

Lost: Poodle, white male, miniature donovan shaggy, reward 366-1875.

We need crash pad, for people over 18. If you can help us with this, call 523-2330.

Wanted: Bass Player and Singer or Bass Player who can sing—243-0238.

Ride wanted to Miami after Jan. 1 Stephanie 837-4370, 837-3740.

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Attractive black female 35 wants to meet male over 35, preferably black to teach her art of loving. Betty M, HARRY Box 66.

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Young Male in Glen Burnie seeks roommate without hangups. 761-5586, Don.

Baby sitter wanted for 2½ year old boy, 8 am — 5 pm. \$15 per week. Call 523-2330 or see Georgeanne Abel 817 N. Charles.

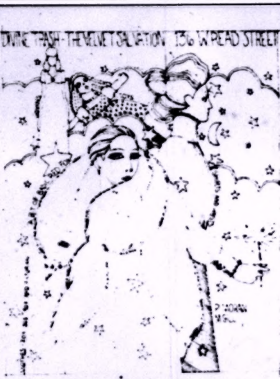
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NOTHING HAPPENS

Saturday, December 19

DRAMA: "Time Now" see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: "Matrix" Blues Back Alley. 2-5 am (Sun. morn.) 52.
MUSIC: "Blackfoot Smoke" Bluesette 8 pm 52.
FILM: "Civilization: The Fallacies of Hope" (Part XII) Main Pratt Library's Wheeler Aud. 2 pm free.
MUSIC: "New Kamakazi Band" (Howdy Duty) 7:30 People's Place
DANCE: Dance Workshop, Corner Theatre 2-5 pm free.
MUSIC: Will White "1776" Towson Pres. Church. 8:30 51.
MUSIC: "Joshua" at Franklin St. High 8-11:30
FILM: "The Bohemian Girl," Laurel & Hardy "Mickey Plays Santa" "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap" Cathedral Room. Peabody Bookshop. 1 & 3 pm. 5:50.
MUSIC: Michael Hunt "Sanity Inn" 8 pm 51.

FILM: Films for children, AFI Theatre 3 pm open to public.
FILM: "The Camera Man" AFI Theatre. See Dec. 18.
MISC: Gay Liberation Front—Lee sitting action. For further info, pickup leaflet 12 noon, 1620 S. St. N.W., Wash. D.C.
MUSIC: Miles Davis, Cellar Door, 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 5:30, cover, \$1. Min.
MUSIC: Oleata Basque, Spanish folksinger, Constitution Hall 8:30 55.75

Sunday, December 20

MUSIC: Jam Session, Bluesette 8 pm 51.
MUSIC: Choral Arts Society, Theodore Morrison, conducting Mendelssohn's "Elizah" Goucher College 8:30 pm, adult, \$4 students.
MUSIC: Scorpions, Aux. Aubrey Circle at the Latin Casino. 2 & 6 pm 51.50.
DRAMA: "Time Now" Corner Theatre. 9 pm.
MUSIC: Fredrick Delius Koanga, Lisner Aud. 5:40-5:10 7:30 pm.
FILM: Films for children, AFI Theatre. see Dec. 18
MUSIC: "Sea Train" "Fat City" at Cellar Door, 8:30 & 10:30 53, cover, \$1. min.

Monday, December 21

MISC: "Here" an experiment in sensory bombardment, Corner Theatre, reservations a must, call 728-4707.
FILM: "Civilization: The Smile of Reason" (Part XI) Pratt Library's Wallbrook Branch, 7 pm free.
FILM: Vintage films, Peabody Bookshop 9 15, 11 15 pm see Dec. 19
MUSIC: Fredrick Delius Koanga, Lisner Aud. 5:40-5:10 7:30 pm.
FILM: "Hallelujah!" all black drama made 1930, AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18
MUSIC: Sea Train "Fat City" at Cellar Door, 8:30, 10:30 53, cover, \$1. min.

Tuesday, December 22

MISC: Actors Workshop, Corner Theatre, 8 pm, free every Tues.
FILM: "Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel" & "Little Bear's Visit" Pratt Library's Reisterstown Rd. Branch, 10:30 am free.
FILM: "Civilization: Heroic Materialism" (Part XIII) Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud. 2 pm free.
FILM: "Christmas Cracker" Pratt Library's Gardenville Branch, 3:30 pm free.
FILM: "Toccata for Toy Trains" & "The Shoemaker and the Elves" Pratt Library's Patterson Park Branch, 3:30 free

MISC: G.L.F. General Meeting, Grays Church, 440 Wisconsin Ave. 8 pm
DRAMA: "Private Lives" by Noel Coward, AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: Sea Train "Fat City" at Cellar Door, 8:30 & 10:30 53, cover, \$1. min.
MUSIC: Ruben Brown, Marshall Hawkins, Jazz Workshop at St. Margaret Church, Crown Ave. & Bancroft Pl. 8 pm 51.

Wednesday, December 23

FILM: Hollywood Review of 1929, AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18
MUSIC: Sea Train, "Fat City" at Cellar Door, 8:30 & 10:30 53, cover, \$1 min.

Thursday, December 24

MUSIC: Bluesette 8 pm 52
DRAMA: "Time Now" Corner Theatre, 9 pm.

Friday, December 25

DRAMA: "Time Now" Corner Theatre, 9 pm.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette, 8 pm 52.

Saturday, December 26

DANCE: "The Children's Corner" choreography by Danny Diamond and music by Claude Debussy. Also "The Nutcracker" Snow Scene and Act II. Maryland Ballet Co., Catonsville Sr. Hi. 2:30 pm 51.
MUSIC: "Blackfoot Smoke" Mensiah Lutheran Church, Potomac & O'Donnell St. 7:30 51.
DRAMA: Dance Workshop, Corner Theatre 2-5 pm free.
MUSIC: to be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

FILM: "Good-by Mr. Chips" original, AFI Theatre 3 pm.
FILM: "The Greek Ziegfeld" AFI Theatre, 8 pm.
MUSIC: John Denver formerly w/Chad Mitchell Trio at Cellar Door 8:30, 10:30, 12:30 53, cover \$1. min.
DANCE: Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall, 7 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Sunday, December 27

DANCE: "The Children's Corner" and "The Nutcracker." See Dec. 26. Pikesville Sr. Hi. 2:30 51.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

FILM: "Intruder in the Dust" AFI Theatre. See Dec. 18, 3 pm.
FILM: "The Philadelphia Story" AFI Theatre. See Dec. 18, 8 pm.
MUSIC: John Denver formerly w/Chad Mitchell Trio at Cellar Door 8:30 & 10:30 53, cover, \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitutional Hall, 3 & 7 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Monday, December 28

MUSIC: "Maypole" at Holy Family CYO. 7:30-11:30.
DANCE: "The Children's Corner" and "The Nutcracker." See Dec. 26. Towson Sr. Hi. 2:30 pm
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

FILM: "The Clock" AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: John Denver formerly w/Chad Mitchell Trio at Cellar Door, 8:30 & 10:30 53, cover \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall 2 pm 54.25, \$3.50.

Tuesday, December 29

MISC: Actors Workshop, Corner Theatre 8 pm free every Tuesdays.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

FILM: "A Tale of Two Cities" AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: John Denver at Cellar Door 8:30, 10:30, 5:30, cover, \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall, 2 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Wednesday, December 30

MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.
FILM: "The Citadel" AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: John Denver, Cellar Door, 8:30, 10:30, 5:30, cover, \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall 2 pm 54.25, \$3.50.

Thursday, December 31

MISC: Ski trip to Wisp thru Jan. 3, 7 am State Office Bldg. Members of Mountain Club of Md. \$6.00, guest \$6.50, food, lodging, skiing extra, call Herb Seitz for info. 358-6651.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.
MUSIC: James Cotton Blues Band, Sea Train, Quinn, Joshua at Painters Mill, 9-2 am, \$5, \$6 breakfast included.

FILM: "The Thin Man" AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18
MUSIC: John Denver "Fat City" And's Walls at Cellar Door all nite, reserv. only \$7.50/person \$5, min.

Friday, January 1, 1971

MUSIC: "Orange Wedge" Alley Entrance, 7:30 pm 51.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

FILM: "The Painted Veil" Garbo, AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18
MUSIC: John Denver at Cellar Door, 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 5:30, cover \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall, 3, 7 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Saturday, January 2

MUSIC: "Exit" Peoples Place 51, 7:30 pm.
DANCE: Dance Workshop, Corner Theatre, 2-5 pm free every Sat.

MUSIC: Gregory Kihn's Farewell Concert "1776" 8:30 pm 51.

MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

MUSIC: "Maypole" Parkville Teen Center, Harford & Hiss Sts., 8-11.

FILM: "Silk Stockings" Fred Astaire, AFI Theatre 3 pm, see Dec. 18.
FILM: "The Shop Around the Corner" AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: John Denver at Cellar Door, 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, 5:30, cover, \$1. min.
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall 3 & 7 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Sunday, January 3

FILM: "Northwest Passage" 3 pm "Rasputin and the Empress" Barry Moores 8 pm, AFI Theatre, see Dec. 18.
MUSIC: To be announced, Bluesette 8 pm 52.

MUSIC: "Rubenstein" Constitution Hall 8 pm some tickets available, EX-34433
DANCE: "Nutcracker Suite" Constitution Hall, 3 pm, 54.25, \$3.50.

Continuing

Dec. 6-Jan. 3
"Bill's Friends" ten artists in a mixed media show, Wed., Thurs., Fri. 11-3, Sat. 12-4, Sun. 2-5, Fells Point Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway, FREE, call 675-6273 for info.
Dec. 10-Dec. 28
Juried student show, Md. Institute's Mt. Royal Station Gallery, Mon-Thurs 8:30AM-10PM, Fri-Sat 8:30AM-10PM, Sun 2-6PM.
thru Dec 31
"The World of Charles Dickens" Main Pratt Library-Second floor cases.
Dec 20-Jan 10
"Hicronimus" Jonade Gallery, 31 E. 21st St., Sat-Sun 1-5 PM, M.W.F. 2-5PM.
thru Jan 3
Ceramic and handicrafts, Nostalgia, Etc., 11AM-4PM.
Jim Nickels
Icon Gallery, 1237 22nd St. NW, Tues-Sat 11:30-3:30 by appointment, 223-0381, FREE.
Dec 19-24
Vincent Melzac, in depth survey of Wash. color school of painting, Corcoran Gallery, 17th & NY Ave. NW, FREE to members, 5.75 non-members, Tues-Sat 10AM-5:30PM, Sun 1-5, creative hr. for children 3-4PM Sun. 5.25.
DRAMA

Dec. 18-Jan. 3
"Mother Courage" by Bertolt Brecht, Arena Stage, 6th & M SW, Tues-Sat 8PM, Sun 7:30PM, Sat 2:30PM, 52.60, \$4.20.
thru Jan 2
"Ari" Nat'l. Theatre, 1321 E St. NW, Thurs, Fri, Sat 7:30PM, 53.50-51.2, 628-3393.
Dec. 18-Jan 10
"A Fifth Spread of Eagle" Washington Thea. Club, 3:45-30PM, 55, 53.
thru Jan 10
"The Little Hut" Bolton Hill Dinner Theatre, 1111 Park Ave., Tues.-Sun Dinner 7PM, performance 8:30 PM.
Dec. 22 thru Jan 31
"Take My Wife" Garland Dinner Theatre, Columbia, Md. Tues-Sun Dinner 7PM, Performance 8:30PM.
Dec. 26-Feb 14
"The Owl and the Pussycat" Limestone Valley Dinner Theatre, Cockeysville, Md., Tues.-Sun Dinner 7PM, Performance 8:30PM.
thru Dec. 27
"The Man Who Came to Dinner" Spotlighters, 817 St. Paul St., Fri-Sun 8:30PM.

COFFEEHOUSES

Universal Joint, 406 Pennsylvania Ave. corner of Highland Ave., Towson, Fri 8-11 30PM, 530, Call 922-1487.

Thunder's Place, live entertainment Fri. and Sat nites, "open mike" Sun. nite, Loyola College, 4501 N. Charles, Baltimore, 435-8740.
Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. and Oakdale, Baltimore, Fri. and Sat. 8:30 PM, 5.75.

Dead End Coffeehouse, Brown Memorial Church, one block north of Stevenson Lane on Charles St., Baltimore, 9-12 every other Saturday, \$1.

Sanity Inn, Sudbrook Ave. betw. State Police and Vol. Fire Dept. Pikesville, Fri. and Sat. 8PM, \$1.

LITERARY DISCUSSIONS & CLASSES

Every Sun.
The Unified Family (World Wide Movement founded around The Divine Principle and Sun M Moon) 514 N. Charles, 3, call 538-0376.

MUSIC

Dec. 28, Jan. 2
Claid Jones at The Emergency



God	944 2540
HARRY	243 2150
Black Panther Party	523 9010
Fellowship of Lights	523 2330
Free Clinic	467 6040
Legal Aid	539 5340
Out-A-Fogot	821 7171
AFSC Draft Counseling	366 7200
Grass Roots	730 DRUG
(Howard On Switchboard)	
Northwest Hotline	922 7200
Women's Liberation	366 6475
Sunshine Food Co-op	684 5442
Student-Cod. Info. Ctr.	243 5012
Planned Parenthood	752 0131

NO PLACE TO GO

BALTIMORE PLACES

Alley Entrance, Bank & Highland 7:30 51.

Balt. Actors Theatre, Holiday Room-Village of Cross Keys. More info. call Mrs. Duschinger-323-1000 ext. 207.

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St. Min. age 18 52, 467-4404.

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St., Fri. & Sat. 52, Sun. 51 8 pm 467-4404.

Catonsville Comm. College, 800 S. Rolling Rd.

Catonsville Sr. High, Bloomsbury Ave. & Rolling Rd. 744-3736.

Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. & Oakland Rd., Church of the Brethren.

Community College of Baltimore, 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 523-2151.

Corner Theatre, 891 N. Howard St. 728-4707.

Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020.

Crossroads, Loch River Blvd. & Woodbourne Ave.

Essex Community College, Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expwy. 682-6000.

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620.

Fells Point Art Gallery, 111 S. Broadway, 675-6273.

Franklin Sr. Hi., 1200 Reisterstown Rd. 833-0580.

Goucher College, Dulany Valley Rd. 825-3300.

Holy Family CYO, 9535 Liberty Rd.

It's Open, Columbia, Md.

Loyola College, Charles & Coldspring Lane, 435-2500.

Lyric Theater, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 685-5086.

Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020.

Essex Community College, Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expwy. 682-6000.

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